

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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MARCH, 1862.

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ART. I.—LORD BACON.

*The Works of Lord Bacon.* Boston: Brown and Taggard. 15 vols.  
Crown 8vo.

WE begin this paper without any biographical sketch of Francis Bacon, afterwards Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Such a sketch within the limits of an essay like this would of necessity be bald, disjointed, and unsatisfactory. It would also be needless. The name and glory of the man are known to all who read English, at least to all who read English history; and so are the leading events of his life. There are vexed and complicated questions connected with the personal history of Lord Bacon, on which volumes have been written, on which, possibly, volumes will again be written, and leave the questions still unsolved,—at least, leave mankind as divided in opinion concerning them, as they are at present. As all that could here be said in the discussion would be superficial or incomplete,—would, indeed, amount to little more than evasive generalities or assertive dogmatism,—it is better for us, on the whole, to keep entirely clear of the controversy.

One fact there is about which all parties are agreed, and that is the greatness of Bacon's genius. It is interesting to observe how the absorbing impression which this one fact has left on the general mind has weakened the interest on nearly all else that concerns Bacon. This is always the case with the genius of a supremely original, bold, and revolutionary

thinker. It is as a thinker the world at large recognizes Bacon, and it is as a thinker the world at large will the longest remember and revere him. The other elements and relations of his life are comparatively lost in this one central vocation, by which alone he has a universal ministry and a perpetual fame. Bacon had many other high offices; he had also other marvellous gifts; but the politician, the statesmen, the lawyer, the orator, and the judge are nearly forgotten in Bacon the thinker; and if we note still with admiration the splendor of his eloquence and the poetic vigor of his imagination, it is ever in subordination to the glory and achievements of his thought. In the same way, we lose sight of Bacon's personal character, or cease to take any serious interest in the controversies which the discussion of it has excited. True, men will constantly take sides, and even with the passions of partisans, as to the conduct of Bacon in his personal and public relations. But the dispute will be always temporary, while the general aggregate of educated minds, little influenced by the dispute, will ever hold the immortal thinker in changeless veneration.

What Bacon was as a man will, as time rolls on, be an inquiry for ethical antiquarians; what Bacon *is* as a mind, every reader can learn for himself directly from Bacon's own writings. No character so much as the great thinker becomes so thoroughly dissociated from accessories. Who recalls Plato as the mere citizen of Athens? Who in his mind gives any prominence to the fact, that Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander?—though Alexander himself deserves to be called the ideal of heroic warriors, and the very demigod of battles. Few traces of the conquests which he made are now to be found in the material or social civilization of the world; but the deathless influence of his tutor has its witness in every cultivated mind. Who now lays any stress on the irritable ness of Newton's personal temper, or on his occasional misjudgments of opponents in scientific controversy? Who brings Spinoza much to mind in connection with details of his private life? Yet there is much of interest in what is recorded of that life; much in his thoughtful youth;—his trouble with the synagogue; his narrow escape from assassination; his pupilship with Van Ende; his unsuccessful court-



ship of Van Ende's brilliant and learned daughter; his retired, frugal, and simple habits; his quiet and tender manners; his grinding optical glasses for his daily bread; his honorable poverty; his indifference to wealth or patronage; his hatred of personal, pecuniary, or mental dependence; his patience under suffering; his meekness against persecution; his moveless adherence to his sense of truth and right; his scorn of falsehood, evasion, or prevarication; and, to crown the whole, his lonely, his almost solitary death;—these would seem to furnish matter even for a romance; but we forget them all when we recall Spinoza as a philosopher, and his sublime, stern, and remorseless logic. Kant was much else than the analyzer of our mental faculties;—he was a mathematician, a natural philosopher, a natural theologian, a powerful and eloquent writer and lecturer, and for more than forty years a learned, versatile, admired teacher in the University of Königsberg: but the world only knows Kant as the founder of the Critical or Transcendental Philosophy, and as such he has had an influence only less than Plato or Aristotle.

It is thus that, in sublime and original organizers of thought, all that is incidental to the time and the individual fades into obscurity, and the thinker alone stands clearly and openly in the light. Contrary to what we might expect, the greatest thinkers hold an equal race in time with the greatest poets; for if the poets have advantage at the start, the thinkers, in the long run, overtake, and sometimes pass them. The thinkers may never at any *one* period have large audience, but always they continue to have students; at last, even the poets themselves cease to be popular, and the thinkers have one circumstance in their favor,—they can be more easily translated than the poets. It is probable that Plato and Aristotle find at present more readers in translation than Æschylus, Euripides, or even Homer, find in the original; and the translated thinker is likely to give more of his thought to the reader than the translated poet can give of his passion, imagination, pathos, music, and beauty.

It was, we fancy, as a thinker that Bacon at last felt he would have done to him the widest and the most lasting jus-

tice. In the turmoil of ambition, he may not have seen this, or he may have left it out of sight; but in the retirement and calm reflection of his closing years it must have occurred to him that it would be mainly as a thinker and philosopher the world would regard him with its most unanimous gratitude and admiration. He could not on other grounds have been certain of an unquestionable verdict from posterity. However undeserved he may have deemed the odium which tarnished his reputation in the later portion of his life, however unjust he may have considered the treatment he received from some of his contemporaries, no illusion of self-regard — not even the conviction of innocence — could have hindered him from knowing that some parts of his conduct must always and everywhere appear to be at least of doubtful meaning. Viewed as a whole, he did not fear that his character would fail of charitable and candid judgment; and he was sure that, when once men were clear from local and temporary passions, they would do the fullest justice to his merits. But in any such expectation he must have depended largely on the potency of his thought, on the greatness of his intellectual claims; and it is on such, we believe, he must have placed his prophetic confidence when he wrote that famous and pathetic passage in his will: "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen after some time be passed over." His confidence has been justified; for if there are some who cannot hold him to have been innocent, there are none who hold that any such guilt was his as to deprive him of his title to the fame of ages and the praise of nations.

The most sure, the most indisputable, and the most undoubted title to these, Bacon has in his genius, and it is on this genius that we propose to offer some general observations.

In contemplating Lord Bacon's genius, the first and most direct impression which we receive is that of its wonderful magnitude. It is not that Bacon's genius has all the mental dimensions of height and depth and scope, but it has them in enormous measure; not as the cube with its sharply defined surfaces, lines, and angles, but as the sphere, with its centre of unity and its harmonious wholeness. For this

reason the genius of Bacon wants what we call *intensity*. The vehemency and force of it are therefore comparatively lost to us, not alone in its vastness, but also in the perfectly ordered relations of its faculties among themselves. It is very difficult for a common mind, or even for an extraordinary mind as compared with a common mind, to conceive adequately the compass of such a mind as Bacon's. We have no subjective standard or analogy that can sufficiently help us. We look *into* it, and think we look *through* it; we think that we discern the circumscription of its boundary, but we mistake; it is only the limit of our own horizon that we really see. This earth is encased in a globe of atmosphere forty-five miles in depth. *That* is but an atom compared with the sphere of stars beyond, which shapes itself in the circle of the eye. The image in the eye gives no positive conception to the mind of the actual reality. No man takes within the grasp of his conception the planetary system, or even the sun, the central object of it. No man takes within the grasp of his conception the earth whereon he lives, not even the ocean. When he is out upon what we call its immensity of waters, he can see, at most, only about eight miles in one direction, and this would give him a circle of less than fifty miles. This seems, as indeed it is, magnificent; it is so, not by the visible space, but by suggestion, by the excitement of imagination, and by the illusion that the visible finite is embosomed in the unseen infinite. Yet even the Pacific Ocean is a measurable limitation; but the horizon of the strongest and clearest sight can aid no man to a conception of it,—a conception, that is, which embraces the whole reality. The same may be said of a mountain range, or indeed of all the mighty objects and workings of nature. There are minds that seem almost as much out of measure with our intellect, as nature is out of measure with our senses,—minds which by their harmony and repose deceive us as to their scale of faculty and activity.

Bacon's was in a remarkable degree such a mind. It does not at first astonish or excite; it is only to long and patient reflection it reveals its greatness. So it is with every mind that is grandly and deeply thoughtful, and in the degree that *thought* is its predominating attribute. Intense genius is the



soonest felt, and for the time interests the greatest number. In the degree that genius acts less and less on the nearer instincts and emotions, it becomes less and less salient and pungent, and will have fewer charms for the miscellaneous public; in the degree also that it deals largely with the whole nature of man, it will lose those narrow specialties which so easily excite the classes who generally read only for excitement. This was not consistent with the genius of Bacon. He was the great intellectual prophet of the future, and his mission was to direct men's steps into the ways of practical and helpful science. All nature was his domain; he sought to know all its properties and uses, — and this with an amplitude and grandeur of which no other man had ever dreamed. The more we dwell on Bacon's genius, the more marvellous its grandeur becomes to us. The scale of its activity seems almost superhuman. His glance was truly from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth. The vision of his mind must have been of more than natural clearness, rapidity, and expansion. Thought must have resembled inspiration, and ideas seemed as revealed realities. Reasoning with him, as compared with other men, was like intuition, and the processes hardly separable from the results. The comprehension of such a mind, in its contemplation of the universe of man, of life, of the actual and the possible, must have involved such a gigantic energy of thought as makes ordinary thinking mortals appear like dwarfs. With such measure of faculty, plasticity, and strength, his power of acquiring and retaining stores of knowledge that would have oppressed or crushed any weaker mind becomes easily intelligible: if not clear by our experience, it is sure as an inference. For small acquirements most men have to labor hard and long; but all that time had to give of knowledge cost to Bacon no slavish drudgery, but only a freeman's toil. For spontaneity and grandeur there is but one genius that we can put on Bacon's level, and that, of course, is Shakespeare's. Both are stupendous, and each is distinguished as much by mental ease as by mental greatness; and these qualities appear in whatever each of them has done, not only in seriousness, but in sport. On whatever either touched he left the mark of unapproachable



power. No man but Shakespeare could have created such a constable as Dogberry; no man but Bacon could have put so much thought, wit, and wisdom into a miscellany intended merely for amusement, as he put into his collection of "Apophthegms."

The next quality in the genius of Bacon which strikes us is its magnificent versatility. Versatility does not usually belong to great and decided genius. More commonly it is the attribute of high talent, than it is of marked, destined, inborn, and creative mind. Talent is a more manageable and elastic sort of power than genius, because genius, being a primal force, having generally an inherent tendency in a given direction, can seldom work to any purpose, or with any sure effect, out of that direction. Talent, being merely facility and plastic aptitude improved by art and practice, is at the will of its possessor, can be turned to whatever object he chooses, provided his desire is strong enough to become zeal, and his zeal constant enough to inspire industry. Genius is supreme in its own sphere, and stamps its creation with an uncopiable impression of its own distinct originality. Talent may attain indefinite degrees of excellence, but it is never supreme, and is always imitable.

It is rare, therefore, that a person is at once a man of genius and a man of talent,—at least, that he is both consummately. Exceptions, we know, can be mentioned, as, for instance, Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe; but our statement makes allowance for such exceptions. Moreover, in *that* in which a person is a man of talent he is seldom a man of genius, for we do not confound with talent the artistic instinct of form, which is of genius itself an essential element. And we repeat what we have already intimated, that genius does not often have variety of direction. We feel that Beethoven could have only been a musician, and Raffael only a painter. We feel that Newton must have *thought* in mathematics, and Shakespeare in the poetic and impassioned regions of actual and ideal life. We feel that such men as Demosthenes, Chatham, Erskine, Grattan, Curran, Patrick Henry, Mirabeau, were by genius orators, and were by genius nothing else. We feel that John Hunter was born for anatomy, Faraday for

chemistry, and Laplace for astronomy. We feel that such men as Spinoza, Leibnitz, Descartes, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Sir William Hamilton had their mental destiny in the contemplation of abstract ideas. They could not, we are sure, have been painters, sculptors, architects, poets, or musicians.

Now here is the extraordinary fact with regard to Lord Bacon;—that his mind was active in numerous directions, occupied itself in a variety of offices; that it had in each equality of original power, and in each gave evidence of pre-eminent and creative genius. Any one of the positions which he filled would have been arduous enough to have taxed the devotion of a life, and that the life of a man richly and nobly gifted. For example, he was early distinguished in one of the most difficult professions,—one that is said to be so jealous as to tolerate no rival, and that exacts the undivided devotion of its faithful and favored votary. He was an able practising lawyer. He also proved himself a philosophic jurist and teacher. He was besides, as member of the House of Commons, a legislator of large and commanding wisdom. He understood men, not alone in their individualities of character, but also in the very foundation and structure of their human nature. He was a sagacious man of business, and in the management of all affairs except his own he was keen, clear, and practical. By his own grand ability,—in spite of a cold-hearted Queen, in spite of false-hearted kindred,—he went upward step by step to the high station which has now become mean before the majesty of his fame. Slowly he reached it, and suddenly he fell; but his name has outlived misfortune, pity, and disgrace, by virtue of that immortal genius which neither his own errors nor the malice of his enemies could injure or dethrone. And while he was engaged in the multiplicity of pursuits connected with a most active and busy life, he found time for meditation, the results of which have not only reformed philosophy, but also through philosophy have done much to revolutionize the world. His greatness as a writer appears in almost every form of prose composition, and each in its own department is a masterpiece. His greatness was transcendent as a thinker and as an author; he was equally great as an ora-

tor. "There happened in my time," writes Ben Jonson, "one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. . . . No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." Nor does he seem to have been less wonderful as a table-talker. "His meals," says Dr. Rawley, "were refectations of the ear as well as of the stomach, . . . wherein a man might be refreshed in mind and understanding no less than in his body. And I have known men of no mean parts, that have professed to make use of their note-books when they have risen from his table. In which conversation and otherwise he was no crushing man, as some men are, but ever a countenancer of another man's parts. Neither was he one that would appropriate the speech wholly to himself, or delight to outvie others, but leave a liberty to the co-assessors to take their turns. Wherein he would draw a man on and allure him to speak on such a subject as wherein he was peculiarly skilful, and would delight to speak. And for himself he contemned no man's observations, but would light his torch at every man's candle. His opinions and assertions were for the most part binding, and not contradicted by any; rather like oracles than discourses; which may be imputed either to the well-weighing of his sentences by the scales of truth and reason, or else to the reverence and estimation wherein he was commonly had, that no man would contest with him; so that there was no argumentation, or *pro* and *con*, as they call it, at his table; or if there chanced to be any, it was carried on with great submission and moderation."

When we look at all that Bacon accomplished, we are not only amazed at the magnitude and variety of his powers, but at his unresting energy and industry. Some one has said that "genius is the capacity for labor"; if so, even on this ground alone the genius of Bacon must be placed in the order of su-



preme minds. Behold him as lawyer, legislator, lecturer, courtier, magistrate, adviser, counsellor near the throne, manager of his own concerns, and, latterly, the head of a princely household; beholding all this, the amount of his philosophical and literary achievement is a mystery that utterly confounds us. And that this department of his work was not done hastily or carelessly we have convincing evidence: first, in the finish and completeness of the work itself; secondly, from the knowledge that portions of it had been matured in his mind from the days of his early youth. If such kind of evidence fails to satisfy us, we have the direct testimony of Dr. Rawley, Bacon's friend, chaplain, and earliest biographer. "His book," observes the Doctor, of *Instauratio Magna*, which in his own account was the chiefest of his works, "was no slight imagination or fancy of his brain, but a settled and concocted notion, the production of many years' labor and travel. I myself have seen at least twelve copies of the *Instauration* revised year by year, one after another, and every year altered and amended in the frame thereof, till at last it came to that model in which it was committed to the press; as many living creatures do lick their young ones, till they bring them to their strength of limb." "Those abilities," he says again, "which commonly go single in other men, though of prime and observable parts, were all conjoined and met in him. Those are *sharpness of wit, memory, judgment, and elocution*. For the former three his books do abundantly speak them; which with what sufficiency he wrote them let the world judge; but with what celerity he wrote them I can best testify. But for the fourth, his *elocution*, I will only set down what I heard Sir Walter Raleigh once speak of him by way of comparison: 'that the Earl of Salisbury was an excellent speaker, but no good penman; that the Earl of Northampton, Lord Henry Howard, was an excellent penman, but no good speaker; but that Sir Francis Bacon was eminent in both.'"

Another quality in the genius of Bacon we may call Wealth,—wealth first as to quantity, secondly as to quality, and thirdly as to faculty.

Quantity, if not in itself alone, is, in connection with other attributes, a usual distinction of high genius. There



hardly ever has been a genius powerfully great that has not also been productively great. Those who do the noblest work do also the most work. So it is in all the arts, as well as in the art of writing. "I looked round my library," writes Scott, in his Introduction to "The Abbot," "and could not but observe that, from the time of Chaucer to that of Byron, the most popular authors had been the most prolific." Even the aristarch Johnson allowed that the quality of readiness and profusion had a merit in itself independent of the intrinsic value of the composition. Talking of Churchill, who had little merit in his prejudiced eyes, he allowed him that of fertility, with some such qualification as this: "A crab-apple can bear but crabs after all; but there is a great difference in favor of that which bears a large quantity of fruit, however indifferent, and that which bears only a few." Scott himself is an instance of astonishing prodigality. The whole of literary history goes to show that the men who write well likewise write much; although the men who write much do not always write well.

Nor is it men alone who have the popular demand and taste in their favor who are thus abundant, but also men whose minds were concerned with the severest sciences and the most abstract speculations. Laplace wrote amply and hugely in the loftiest sphere of Mathematics and its most recondite applications. Of the "*Mécanique Céleste*" alone a writer observes: "Its bulk is about 2,000 quarto pages, and, owing to the omission of all the steps which a good mathematician may be relied on as able to supply, it would, if expanded to the extent in which Euler would have written the same matter, have probably reached 10,000 pages." Think of 10,000 pages of the most abstruse calculations, and this but one among other such works by the same author! Blaise Pascal wrote extensively on science, on theology, and left behind him a work in which a temporary controversy has become an inimitable classic; yet Pascal died at the early age of thirty-nine. The celebrated Thomas Aquinas died in the forty-eighth year of his age, and had written seventeen mighty folios on divinity, morals, and philosophy. Kepler died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and left behind thirty-two separate works

in print, besides four volumes in manuscript. Considering that Bacon was an active and busy man of the world, he takes rank in mere quantity alone with the strong-working giants of the literary universe. And yet his writings were but simply incidental to daily activities, most constant and most exacting.

Quality, however, it is that determines the value of quantity. It would be possible to pile rude logs into a building bigger than St. Peter's. But the building would not on that account be greater than St. Peter's. Nay, make it of marble; even then, unless it has order, grace, and beauty, it is still only a massive heap. Ranges of warehouses may be more extensive than the Vatican. But contain what they may, their extent does not give them the worth of the Vatican. Burn up such warehouses, all that they were and all that they held can be replaced; burn up the Vatican, the world suffers then an irreparable loss of inestimable treasures. A diamond might be worth a coal-mine, a single pearl worth whole cargoes of oysters, a nugget of gold worth a quarry of granite; the legion that had Cæsar at its head was worth an army; the frigate that carried Nelson was worth a fleet; and so a small volume may be worth a library. Now Bacon not only wrote many large volumes, but large volumes of the rarest quality. They are packed and filled with mental riches. It is not merely that any subject on which Bacon treats is fully sounded in its depths and thoroughly measured in its outlines, but the treatment is pregnant in every part with life and power. Bacon is prodigal in this force of life and power; every sentence is burdened with it. He has, even among great minds, a striking distinction for the weight and energy which he puts into separate sentences. Thoughtful men, even of the higher order, regard those instances in which their writings or their sayings are pregnant with original and suggestive ideas as happy accidents or angelic visitations. If a thinker has such ideas habitually, he is seldom consecutive, logical, or systematic; usually he is all the contrary. A wonderful excellence in Bacon is, that he unites the spontaneous with the deliberative, the intuition of inspiration with the organism of method. Method was an essential characteristic of Bacon's genius;—not method that consists in verbal

formalism, but method which bodies forth the spirit of order, — method that is bold as well as subtle, plastic as well as scientific, and that glorifies the rigor of logic with the grace of beauty. Single sentences of Bacon might furnish subjects for treatises, or might be unfolded into long, yet not superficial discourses; but in Bacon's style and matter they are hardly ever casual or disconnected. They may indeed be used — and so they often are used — as maxims separately from the context, yet it is ever in union with the context they have their deepest import and their greatest force. Nearly always they are parts of a consistent whole, in which each has its own place and contributes to the collective harmony. The mental wealth of Bacon is in this way like the wealth of Nature: it is original, vital, organic; and such it should be, since Nature only is its eternal counterpart.

As to Bacon's wealth of faculty, there are two ways of regarding it, — either by looking at faculty abstractly as a function of mind, or concretely as we see it in its work. Abstractly, we find the several mental faculties not only complete in Bacon, but each on a grand scale. The power of thinking is an evident attribute in his genius. It is so in patience, care, acuteness, caution, and with continued energy of attention. It is not less so in height, depth, and compass. This power in the mind of Bacon is intense without loss of fulness, vehement without loss of precision, and rapid without loss of exactness. It is equally speculative and practical; it is alike methodical and free, alike great in dealing with the facts of common experience and with the high generalizations of reason. The power of imagination is in the same manner notable in the genius of Bacon. This power in Bacon is at once rich, sweet, strong: and these qualities are blended admirably together; — the richness never burdens the idea, the sweetness never enfeebles it, and the strength never exaggerates it; but all contribute to illumine, to beautify, to ennoble it, — to invest it with clearness, splendor, and force, as the form of a Greek god came from the visioned conception of Phidias.

With Bacon — as with most minds of his order — memory was likewise remarkable. It was full, large, and of extreme retentiveness. He did not, indeed, always quote exactly, but



this, his editors think, was not because he did not remember his author, but because it seemed to be a habit of his to modify or beautify all that took possession of his thoughts, come from what source it might. But it is not by mere quotation we are to judge the memory of Bacon, but by the vastness of the general treasures which he had there accumulated and stored. Bacon was not old Burton or Magliabecchi. What he gathered, he gathered for living use,—not as dead and dried curiosities, not for vain show, but for high and generous application; his memory received and held the ample abundance of its riches as mere materials for his sublime judgment and transforming imagination, so that all that came out from it had a new and transcendent value in the stamp on it of his authority. These several powers in Bacon are never disproportionate or disunited. They are all of a measure, and all act in harmony. There is not a strong memory to overtax a weak intellect, nor an active intellect rendered incompetent by a sluggish memory, nor an aspiring imagination which there is no sufficiency of intellect and memory to supply or to sustain. In Bacon, intellect, imagination, and memory were all co-ordinated, all coequal, all co-related in the unity of a great mind.

If we regard faculty concretely in its work, we see how manifold it was in Bacon's activity and writings. We have already in another form indicated this point. At the risk of repetition, we venture here to state it more distinctly. For instance, Bacon had the *Historic* faculty. He had all those qualities that belong to a great historian,—insight into human nature, judgment of character, full capacity to estimate both contemplative and active life, equal capacity for meditation and affairs, large knowledge of men and times, facility and nobleness of style. That Bacon inclined to the composition of history we observe by the frequent expression of his intention to take up some department of it, by several fragments scattered through his writings, and by the narrative of one complete reign, that of Henry the Seventh. This work has been severely criticised, both as to its value as a history and as to the motives of its author. It was written in the beginning of its author's evil day,—when age came on him with quickening pace, and when he was



bending under depression, disgrace, and sorrow. His movements were restrained; he had small opportunity for the consultation of authorities; his materials, in all but his memory and his genius, were meagre; — yet he has brought into life such a picture of the man — Henry, seventh of that name, king of England — as stands for him ever since, and will stand for him while tradition lives, and while history is read. The character has been repeated by every subsequent writer, and will always continue to be the standard likeness. Bacon writes as if he had lived in the presence of Henry, yet Henry had been more than fifty years dead when Bacon was born; and Bacon delineates the time of Henry as vividly as he does the man. We are not rash, then, in the inference that Bacon could have taken rank in the highest order of historians.

We might in this manner specify many other faculties, but we will only mention one more. The poetic faculty Bacon had in full measure. He thinks in images, but in images that do not obscure, while they color, his ideas. His mind was not colorlessly transparent. It was not irradiated with that “dry light” which Bacon himself so often and so much praises. On the contrary, his mind was resplendent with gorgeous hues, not, indeed, in confused and glaring masses, but all duly softened and attempered, throwing lustrous beauty over the forms which reflected them. His mind was as full of music as of beauty. His thoughts seem to flow with the measure of a song, and to come with lyric sweetness into words. And this is not occasional, or by fits and starts, but as an ever-present life, spontaneous, unconscious, unpurposed. Nor is the poetic element in Bacon’s writings merely here and there. It is interfused throughout them, as a spirit and a soul. It is hardly absent even from the technicalities of his legal disquisitions. Bacon’s is, therefore, perhaps the richest prose in English. Jeremy Taylor’s may equal it in fancy and excel it in tenderness, but is inferior to it in clearness of meaning, vigor of conception, and compactness of imagination. Edmund Burke’s is grand and far-reaching, but it has not the concrete luxuriance of Bacon’s, nor its brilliant, varied, definitive picturesqueness. Bacon wrote a few verses, but his skill was not in the metrical

forms of the poet; his power lay in the possession of a poet's soul; not in metrical numbers, but in force of inspiration. His interpretations of ancient myths and fables are a series of exquisite poems, with the finest mixture of subtilty, fancy, and imagination. His Essays are not more replete with wisdom, penetration, wide and profound observing, ethical and grave reflection, than they are with the feeling and idealism of poetry. What a grand and lofty song in prose — prose only as to form — is the Essay on "Masks and Triumphs." What noble and delightful descriptive poems are the Essays "Of Building" and "Of Gardens." For beauty and imagery they cannot be equalled, except by Shakespeare, of whose genius they are entirely worthy.

These are only a few out of the numerous instances that might be given. It was in the spirit of a poet, as well as in that of a thinker, Bacon philosophized. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether any man can be truly and completely a philosopher without the spirit of a poet. Bare intellect discovers nothing, and has nothing revealed to it; because bare thinking is void of life, and can therefore neither receive life nor impart it. It was probably the strength of the poetic element in Bacon which gave him the aversion that he had to syllogistic reasoning and metaphysical analysis. These of themselves can afford no true knowledge. The understanding alone does not apprehend true knowledge, for it is incomplete except in union with sympathy and imagination. This union, as we have said, was admirable in the philosophical genius of Bacon. Truth was not merely the object of speculation with him, but of passion; he not only examined, but he loved nature. He had a powerful sense of beauty, — so truth and nature became to him in the highest degree beautiful. It was in the spirit of a poet, as well as of a thinker, that he studied humanity, and contemplated man in all his various aspects and circumstances. It was in the spirit of a poet, as well as of a thinker, that he read history, and that he reflected on the destinies of empires and the solemn march of ages. It was in the spirit of a poet, as well as of a thinker, that he took a survey of all recorded experience, sought after its secrets, and tested its value. It was in the spirit of a poet, as well as of a

thinker, and in the love that both in common have for harmony, he desired to supply mankind with a sure method of inquiry and a certain standard of useful discovery. It was in the spirit of a poet, as well as of a thinker, that he looked around on the universe, with grand sensibility to its visible glories, but learnedly curious also after its hidden mysteries. It was in the spirit of a poet, as well as of a thinker, that, not content with appearance and outward show, he sought for modes of infallible divination which must force phenomena to yield up the meanings they concealed,—that he sought, with ardor such as only poets feel, to find the heart and life and substance of reality. It was in the spirit of a poet, as well as of a thinker, that he gave to Philosophy a voice of music, and taught her to speak in such a dialect of surpassing eloquence as only Plato had done before him, and such as since remains unequalled.

The last quality in the genius of Bacon to which we will refer is its grand magisterial calmness. Bacon has nothing of the polemic. To dispute or to discuss seemed utterly beneath him. In the concerns of intellect, or even ethics, his manner is entirely royal. He questions and examines, but he holds no controversy. He looks over the whole field of knowledge, and then, as a sovereign ruler in the empire of thought and mind, he issues his proclamation. He does not argue, but affirm; he makes his statements, but in a way which implies that he challenges no contradiction and will pay no attention to objections. Let those who will contradict; let those who care object;—that is their affair; it is none of his: he has weightier business in hand, business that demands all his attention, and must have it. In this there is no arrogance. Every great intellect is simple, and in its sphere modest. There are indeed minds of extraordinary power which seem to belie this assertion. But they are minds that never reach the highest level of speculation, or the sobriety that belongs to the calmer regions of philosophy. They are usually minds that have strong passion in their power, and that mostly deal with the actual life of men. They are often impatient, even angry, with what they consider the meanness and the folly of the world; they thence look down on the multitude and its

leaders, and they cannot conceal, yea, they do not care to conceal, their aversion, scorn, or contempt. They have a consciousness, too, of superiority, which also they do not conceal, or care to conceal. But even such minds are ever gentle in the presence of true greatness and true goodness. But thinkers such as Bacon have to do with vast and complicated problems, that tax, but do not provoke them. Even among such thinkers, Bacon appears distinguished by a lofty mental tranquillity; and were undue assumption consistent with the intellectual majesty of his genius, he had a certain grace of nature that would have counteracted or chastised it. He was calm, but not cold; calm with a mental fervor, which did not flash in starts, but steadily shone over the vast spaces of his searchings and deliberations. He knew the dignity of his office, which in the world of mind was judicial; and this office could not, like the chancellorship, be taken from him. If, as men have said, he compromised the dignity of the chancellorship, he maintained with transcendent honor the magisterial dignity of his genius. In this aspect of Bacon there is something most solemn and imposing,—a certain air of native grandeur such as the greatest men have seldom had by mere mind alone. Even at this distance of time he forbids obtrusion, rebukes impertinence, inspires reverence; with the most spontaneous inward consent we pay him homage, and in doing so we feel not humiliated, but ennobled. He undertook to judge all past thinkers and their methods. He assumed a most exalted function, and was equal to it. Human greatness has hardly any position imaginably higher; self-reliance is capable of nothing more daring; and the history of mind shows no intellectual undertaking so radical that can so little be accused of being rash.

Bacon in the mental realm was a judge; whatever did not befit that character was foreign to him, and in connection with him was never found. He was no pedagogue; he did not undertake to drill men in worn-out forms, or give them new editions of their old lessons. He was no partisan; he did not decry *this* school, and praise *that*; he put all schools on their trial; he asked them for reasons and for results; and on each as it came before him, he pronounced judicial sentence. He



was no advocate; it was not his part to plead or sophisticate on any side, but to hear all sides, to compare their statements, to weigh their testimonies, — then to give judgment; and this was what he did.

Bacon was a judge in the realm of mind, but also he was more: he was a legislator, — a legislator of the highest order; not one who merely methodizes particular customs and precepts, but one who suggests universal principles, — one whose rules formulize practical knowledge, and in the following of whom there is the reward of practical achievement, — one whose direction gives life, as well as guidance, and who not only counsels, but inspires. Bacon has been even more than judge and legislator. These he was in the realm of mind; but he has been a creative reformer in the world of facts. He gave not only a new direction to science, but a new impulse to action; and in both his influence has been like a new power in the world. Even after his philosophy has passed into history, or is studied as mere literature, his influence is recognized as an element that gave early impetus to modern social and material progress, and the spirit of which may be felt in every social and material improvement.

Two contradictory opinions have been held about Bacon as a philosopher: one is that he was an intellectual innovator, to whom is due the true method of discovery, and the progressive advancement of modern science; the other, that he introduced nothing which was new, and that modern science had received its onward impulse before his day, and has since then been cultivated with entire indifference to his method.

Neither of these propositions is strictly true; but, as in the case of all such extremes, the truth is to be found between them, or in a modification of both. It is said that Bacon did not originate the method of induction, because *that* is as old as philosophy, or indeed as old as human nature. Ancient sages, it is asserted, understood it, and Aristotle explained it. It is not scientific observers and experimentalists only that reason by it, but all men, women, and children, in the simplest exercise of their mental faculties. Now Bacon does *not* claim that he originated or invented the method of induction. What he *does* claim is that he originated *a* method

of induction, a special manner of directing the mental faculties in seeking truth, in testing truth, and in using truth. Whether his method is valuable or worthless, Bacon has a right to make this claim. A man does not pretend to be the author of sensations, conceptions, and ideas, because he publishes a system of psychology; he merely proposes to explain them. But Bacon did not mean merely to explain certain mental powers and their relations to existence; he meant also to direct and apply their activities in reference to certain issues and results. Simple induction is as likely to be wrong as right; but Bacon proposed to teach inquirers in what manner they must proceed so as to escape the wrong and attain to the right. Bacon may therefore be said to be the first that gave strict and philosophical expression to the inductive method, thus making it an instrument of mind at once detective and efficient,—detective for noting error, efficient not only in the discovery of truth, but in the use of truth. Bacon, then, in his method, is thoroughly original; the method belongs to him, and to him alone; the invention and arrangement of the logical categories do not as surely belong to Aristotle as a certain special method of induction belongs to Bacon. But to what purpose, it has been asked, is this method? Bacon himself made but little application of it, and that little was without success. Nor have any scientific men followed it in their inquiries, or even thought of it. The method in detail has, indeed, never been, perhaps never could be, reduced to practice; but the spirit of it has nevertheless penetrated all the scientific meditation of the world.

It is also true that modern science had received its impulse before the time of Bacon. Ever since the times of the Crusades, the civilized mind of the West had been uneasy and excited. It seemed to long for larger space. That space was given it in the discoveries of Columbus and his followers. The larger space led to wider life and bolder action; this wider life and bolder action gathered in experience, stimulated curiosity, and deepened the desire for knowledge. The mind and its faculties had been so often analyzed, had been put into such an infinity of combinations, that men at length grew tired of playing an everlasting game of metaphysical

chess. They began to think that the body also deserved examination, and thus, long before Bacon was born, the science of anatomy had been made eminent by the genius of Vesalius. When land and sea had been widened for movement and enterprise, men began to dream of more expansive heavens, and to send forth thoughts that wandered through eternity and through the boundless universe. This small globe could not be the centre of the stars, the source of all motion, and thereby of all time. Thence wise and wondering men questioned the planets and the sun; after a while the light within them explained the light outside them, and gradually they divined these solemn mysteries of our Kosmos, in whose revelation creation was amplified and the Divine glory made more manifest. Such discoveries had begun before Bacon, and were continued without the aid of Bacon. Thirty years before Bacon was born, Copernicus had been at work amidst the heavens. Tycho Brahe carried on the work while Bacon was yet a boy; and it is not likely that any influence from Bacon ever reached Kepler or Galileo. It is then indeed true, that interest in the natural sciences, and the study of them, did not wait for the appearance of Bacon; it is true, also, that the course of discovery had been opened and had proceeded independently of his influence or his system. Many brilliant results, it must be confessed, were attained; but the modes of attaining them were disconnected and empirical. Bacon did not originate natural science; he did not himself, personally, advance natural science; but he did organize a philosophy of natural science,—of that organic philosophy he, and he alone, was the true and primal author.

But since Bacon did not begin modern science, did not contribute to it, or in any way enlarge it, how then did he act on it? First, by urgency, by insistence, and by intensity of direction. Men were still looking too much within them for that which should be sought outside them. They were still ready to take abstractions and words for existences and facts. Bacon, with all the force of his intellect, impelled the minds of inquirers toward reality and nature. He pointed out the sources of error in the constitution of humanity, in the character of the individual, in the forms of language and of society,



in the teachings and traditions of the schools. He taught men how to discriminate substance from illusion. He taught them where truth was to be found, and how it was to be sought. Of course we mean especially the truth which distinctly belongs to the natural sciences. This, as Bacon showed, could not be reached by any amount of misdirected diligence, learning, and labor, but only by inquiry, patiently conducted, carefully scrutinized, and rightly ordered. And therefore a second powerful influence which Bacon exercised on modern science was by enforcing the necessity of method. His own particular method might, in the structure which he gave it, be of no avail, but in *spirit* it was indubitable. Yet even if it had been as erroneous as it was veracious, the reasoning of Bacon as to the need of method would still have been sound. If his consisted of false elements, it would remain for some one else to construct a method of true elements. If such a method were not discovered, natural inquiries must always have been merely capricious and casual attempts, with accidental and empirical results. Each result, instead of being one in a series of sequences, would in itself be an end; it could only be again mechanically reproduced, and the process, if of any utility, must be traditionally repeated and preserved. Paradoxical as it may seem, the rigor of method is the liberty of science. We might, perhaps, say that method is science: it is at least its essential condition. For no number of facts, no amount of experiment, no acuteness or extent of observation, no accumulation of knowledge, will enable any man to create a science, to think scientifically, or, indeed, to think or speak or write with structural cohesion or any living sequence. There must be the uniting, *informing*, plastic soul of method, or all is shapeless and disparate.

Coleridge brings out this idea very finely. In illustrating his philosophy of method from the works of Shakespeare, he remarks: "We may define the excellence of their method as consisting in that just proportion, that union and interpenetration of the universal and particular, which must ever pervade all works of decided genius and true science. For method implies progressive transition, and it is the meaning of the word in the original language. The Greek *μέθοδος* is

literally a way or path of transit. Thus we extol the elements of Euclid, or Socrates's discourse with the slave Menon in Plato, as methodical,—a term which no one who holds himself bound to think or speak correctly would apply to alphabetical order or arrangement of a common dictionary. But as without a continuous transition there can be no method, so without a preconception there can be no transition with continuity. The term method cannot, therefore, otherwise than by abuse, be applied to a mere dead arrangement, containing in itself no principle of progression." This is deeply and truly said; and some of the introspective tendency of Coleridge would have given more completeness even to Bacon. In that case, Bacon would have done more justice to the metaphysical and logical elements of philosophy. For there is metaphysic in method, and there is logic, syllogistic logic, in induction. The doctrine of method was an important part of ancient logic, but it was applied only to the workings of intellect. Bacon applied it mainly to the laws of observation and experiment; but he seemed to overlook the fact, that these laws have by the mind itself their order and validity. Assuredly it is by the mind, by its own inherent spiritual activity and organism, that we have the idea of law, to whatever kind of relations we apply the term. It is by a mental organism that we can even have experience; for experience is the coinage of fact into thought.

It is therefore only through mental organism that observation and experiment are even possible. This is no transcendental idealism, but a simple statement of the truth. We only impose on ourselves if we think that any relations are merely outward, and altogether independent of the inward faculty, which has cognition of them. The very conception of relation is necessarily a fact of consciousness, and in all conditions and arrangements this fact must be presupposed. Method is therefore essentially a creature of the mind. There is no physical inquiry that is not conducted by a metaphysical process; but the process goes on unconsciously, and is lost in the object of inquiry; whereas in pure metaphysics the process goes on consciously, and turns in reflectively on thought. In any method of natural science there must be necessarily

two elements,—the one mental, the other material;—or, differently expressed, the subjective element and objective element; the mental or subjective element, the ideal form or plan, and the inward procedure; the material or objective element, the operations or phenomena to which the attention is directed, the conditions or changes that are to be observed, and the ends that are to be attained.

It was on the objective and material element that Bacon laid the greatest stress, and almost to the entire exclusion of the other. Yet Bacon's own mind and method were profoundly metaphysical. In like manner, he did not give their due to logic and the syllogism. Mr. Lewes says that he did admit the syllogism as a form of ratiocination, but not as a means of investigation. Well, that is nearly all that the most zealous Aristotelian could ask for it, and all that truth can fairly allow it. The syllogism is not an instrument of search or of discovery; but it *does* represent a process of mental analysis, comparison, and judgment, and it is often an effective epitome of statement and exposition. Many of Bacon's most enthusiastic admirers now admit that he did not attach sufficient value to deductive reasoning. Yet it is hard to see how any reasoning can be carried far without deduction. Deduction of the utmost boldness and grandeur enters into all the higher generalizations of our later science. Without deduction, induction would be limited and imperfect, and deduction itself, except possibly in pure mathematics, implies or involves induction.

But when we have said all, we have at last only to declare that it was in no technical way Bacon acted most effectively on modern science. His most impressive influence on science was by the vitalizing power of his genius, the force of his eloquence, and the weight of his authority; for even great minds, though preaching innovation, become themselves rulers and lawgivers to those whom they turn from olden and traditional prescription. It is by the wholeness of their momentum and of their might that such minds as Bacon's influence thought, action, and character. It is not by special instruction or definitive invention that they increase the wealth of mind or enlarge the boundaries of knowledge; it is by the deep and



wise intellectual excitement which they communicate ; by the suggestive and creative inspiration which lives ever in their thought. In any age Bacon's would have been a commanding mind. He was born at a time when new forces were called into action. He was the Herculean child of his age, and he undertook, with giant strength, but with goodly purpose, to organize these forces. If his success had been immeasurably less than it has been, still the grandeur of his aim and the beneficence of his philosophic spirit would have entitled him to all his fame. His was no vain, selfish, or arrogant philosophy. Philosophy, in his view, was not for the exaltation of the individual, but for the comfort and improvement of all men. The secrets of Nature — as the secrets of Heaven — are not given to the proud, but to the humble and the dutiful ; and therefore those who would learn of Nature must not anticipate, but interrogate her. Yet, while they study nature, they must not forget God or man ; for “ the true end of knowledge,” as Bacon holds, “ is the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.”

It is often said that no man of original and decided genius, with sufficient opportunity and means of culture, ever missed or mistook his proper destination. We can hardly help thinking that Bacon did. His proper destination was the contemplative, not the active life, and whatever beguiled or forced him so much away from the contemplative life, and so much into the active life, was injury to himself and loss to mankind. He must have felt often in his own mind that he was not in his true vocation in waiting on a cold and capricious Queen ; in wasting days and years in the slow and late-rewarded work of counsellor or courtier ; in mocking his own nobleness by doing humiliating but unwilling homage to envious and selfish kindred. He must have often felt, in moments of reflection, that it was not for such a work Heaven blessed him with so plenteous an endowment of gifts and graces. There are tones in his meditative writings that seem to imply that he did thus feel. With his vastness of comprehension he could not have believed that he was of the order of men who rise by patronage, but have no dignity to lose in such promotion ; he could hardly have considered that to be Solicitor-General, Attorney-

General, or even Lord Chancellor of England, if he could even have the office without suing or solicitation, was to be compared with being the teacher of the world's teachers. We look with sadness on Bacon in his worldly career, and this sadness is equally deep whether he was driven into it by early poverty or by mistaken ambition. But we think more sadly still on the loss which the literature of power and of philosophy has suffered. Bacon, though of huge measure in any sphere, was peculiarly fitted for literature and philosophy; and, though always making his greatness evident, he was not so well fitted for politics and business. With such matters the constitutional temper of Bacon was as much out of keeping as that of Hamlet appears to be, in the drama, with the bloody vengeance which the ghost of his father commissions him to execute. Letters and thought should have been the occupation of Lord Bacon; and then he would have left us more than fragments, for magnificent fragments are all that he has left. It may be that no human powers of execution could have completed such plans as his; not all of them, indeed, but some of them would have been so far embodied as to give us specimens of his perfected workmanship. He might have written the history of a grand period, — and then we should have had some of the noblest lessons of wisdom that history has ever taught. He might have written the history of philosophy, — then we should have had such a union of criticism, of poetry, and of eloquence, as only his genius could have given us. He would have brought into finished shape some of those gigantic schemes of thought which he was obliged to leave in outline and indications, and we should have possessed in their wholeness some rounded examples of Bacon's power. But we must not be presumptuous or covetous; we should rather be humbly grateful and content. We have enough to quicken and to fill our minds; when we have mastered and exhausted all that he has bestowed, we may then complain that we have no more. Bacon's writings were honestly intended for men's improvement; and he that modestly "reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests them," cannot fail to gather from them the ripest and the richest fruits of mind.

ART. II. — THE WESLEYAN DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

1. *The Works of the REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.* Third American Complete and Standard Edition, from the latest London Edition, with the last Corrections of the Author. Comprehending also numerous Translations, Notes, and an Original Preface, etc., by JOHN EMORY. In Seven Volumes. New York: Carlton and Phillips. 1853. 8vo.
2. *Checks to Antinomianism.* By REV. JOHN FLETCHER. *Last Check. A Polemical Essay on the Twin Doctrines of Christian Imperfection and a Death Purgatory.* New York: Carlton and Porter.
3. *Theological Institutes: or a View of the Evidences, Doctrines, Morals, and Institutions of Christianity.* By RICHARD WATSON. A new Edition, with a copious Index, and an Analysis, by J. M'CLINTOCK. New York: Lane and Scott. 1850. 2 vols. 8vo.
4. *The Scripture Doctrine of Christian Perfection Stated and Defended: with a Critical and Historical Examination of the Controversy, Ancient and Modern.* By GEORGE PECK, D. D. New York: Lane and Scott. 1850. 12mo.

THE religious movement of the last century, in which the Wesleys were the prominent agents, is very well known to have been spiritual rather than doctrinal. It had reference to life and character, not to dogma nor symbol. Men were exhorted to "seek first the kingdom of God," — and no tests were used to determine the subjects of this kingdom, save those of evangelical repentance and a life corresponding to the requirements of the Gospel. Yet this very freedom in respect of doctrinal views became the occasion of important theological developments. There was first a very general repudiation of some of the chief elements of the Calvinistic system, and then the adoption of certain practical opinions germane to the newly awakened religious life. Then there arose what was termed the "Wesleyan Theology," containing much that was common to it with Calvinism, and having many elements crudely stated, and imperfectly adjusted to each other, yet presenting certain features which are of no small importance and which have attracted considerable attention.



Among these opinions peculiarly Wesleyan, two are especially noticeable. One is that of the "Witness of the Spirit," — the spiritual consciousness of present salvation from the guilt and power of sin. The professed subjects of this experience were certain, not only that they had exercised repentance toward God and faith in the Redeemer, but also that there had been awakened in them a new spiritual affection. There were no vague conjectures, no hopes, more or less dubious, concerning their religious position; but they had a settled confidence, an "assurance of faith," that they were the children of God. As we have intimated, it was rather by inference from experience than by deduction from *a priori* dogmatizing that this doctrine of the direct testimony of the Paraclete became a prime element in Methodist theology. Long before it had found a place in the denominational standards, — in fact, before there were any such standards, — it was the popular notion assumed by the lay preachers and entertained in the societies. The happy subjects of this "conscious salvation," whether gathered in meetings, or sitting in solitude, or engaged in the avocations of life, could often be heard singing, with great warmth and unction, these glowing words: —

"What we have felt and seen  
With confidence we tell;  
And publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible.

"Exults our rising soul,  
Disburdened of her load,  
And swells unutterably full  
Of glory and of God."

"The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear Anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God."

The doctrine of the witness of the Spirit was nothing strange in dogmatic theology; but so far as any practical bearing in the experience of individuals was concerned, it was no better than obsolete in almost all established and non-conformist

churches. The great mass of religious people, and even religious teachers, had "not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost," as an actual living power in the Church, directly dealing with the hearts of men. With the Methodists it was more than anything else the distinguishing feature of the new religious life and preaching.

Closely connected with this, and perhaps growing out of it, so that the two are frequently confounded, was that of a practicable perfection in piety, a completeness of Christian character attainable in the present life. Like the other, this notion was not a new one. It appears, in its essential features, in some of the Patristic writers, and, though the powerful influence of the Augustinian doctrine of sin nearly excluded it from the Scholastic authors, there are occasional glimpses of it among the Mystics and certain pietistic classes of the Middle Ages, as well as the later Quietists. It appears, too, not unfrequently, in the writings of the Reformers. But it was not the creed of any sect, nor the doctrine of any prominent party, till the time of Wesley. It was embraced with singular unanimity by the preachers associated with him, was discussed and favorably received in almost every Annual Conference for several years, and from the first has been regarded as one of the distinguishing tenets of the denomination in nearly all its branches. It is not made an article of faith or a condition of membership anywhere; though in the largest ecclesiastical bodies of the denomination an assent to the doctrine in its general form is required of all candidates for the ministry.

A multitude of books have been written on this subject. We have selected the works whose titles are given above, as presenting the doctrine in its unmodified Wesleyan form. In Wesley's writings there is a great variety of treatises on a great variety of topics. That of Christian Perfection is discussed in two sermons (Nos. 35 and 68), and the whole subject is compactly and comprehensively set forth in his "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," occupying about fifty pages in the sixth volume. Fletcher early espoused the views of Wesley, and devoted himself to their advocacy and defence with more success, in many respects, than the leader himself. To his vigor and clearness as a theological writer there was

added remarkable purity of character and a fervent spirituality, scarcely excelled by the saintliest of any age, entitling him, in the estimation of even many opponents, to the appellation of a perfect Christian, if it could rightfully belong to any. Of the other two authors, Watson has for a long time been regarded as the leading theologian in the Methodist denomination, while Dr. Peck, though not a brilliant writer, is regarded as one of the soundest exponents of Wesleyan views on this side of the Atlantic. The latter gives a succinct and careful historical summary of the doctrine, the objections to it, the arguments in its favor, and its relation to other theories on the same subject. From these sources we propose to draw out, and, without criticism or much discussion, to set forth as clearly as possible, the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian Perfection.

In order to arrive at a comprehensive view of the subject, it will be requisite to keep in mind the doctrines entertained by the early Methodists concerning other parts of the Christian life. On this we need only remark, that they adopted the general Augustinian notion of man's natural sinfulness; a vicarious atonement; the necessity of repentance and of faith in Christ, as the conditions on which any man finds acceptance with God; justification as the result of this faith; and, concomitant with it, regeneration, or the awakening of a new religious life by the agency of the Holy Spirit. With these writers, however, justification differs from that which goes by this name in the Calvinistic standards. The former regard it as nearly synonymous with *remission of sins*, while the latter claim for it a larger scope, and apply it not merely to the past, but to the future of its subject. Regeneration with our authors is not, strictly speaking, a *state*, — though sometimes loosely used thus by some of them, — but an event, the entrance into the state of sanctification, the latter indicating a progressive experience, "going on unto perfection."

This state of sanctification, though confessedly imperfect in its earlier stages, Wesley estimates distinctly otherwise than many, perhaps most, orthodox writers, both previous and subsequent to his time. With the latter there is no entire cessation from sin, even in the most devoted. Guilt is incurred in



the veriest acts of piety. They interpret with the most literal exactness, and in its largest application, the Old Testament declaration that "there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not." Wesley, on the other hand, insists that the subject of even an imperfect sanctification does not commit sin.

"Even babes in Christ are in such a sense perfect, or *born of God*, (an expression taken also in divers senses,) as, first, not to commit sin. If any doubt of this privilege of the sons of God, the question is not to be decided by abstract reasonings, which may be drawn out into endless length, and leave the point just as it was before. Neither is it to be determined by the experience of this or that particular person. Many may suppose they do not commit sin when they do; but this proves nothing either way. To the law and the testimony we appeal. 'Let God be true, but every man a liar.' . . . . .

"Now, the Word of God plainly declares, that even those who are only justified, who are born again in the lowest sense, *do not continue in sin*; that they cannot *live any longer therein* (Rom. vi. 1, 2), that they are 'planted together in the likeness of the death of Christ' (verse 5). That their 'old man is crucified with him, the body of sin being destroyed, so that henceforth they do not serve sin: that being dead with Christ, they are freed from sin' (ver. 6, 7). That they are dead unto sin and alive unto God (ver. 11). That 'sin hath no more dominion over them,' who are 'not under the law, but under grace'; but that these, 'being free from sin, are become the servants of righteousness' (ver. 14, 15). . . . .

"But most express are the well-known words of St. John, in his 1st Epistle, chap. iii. 8, etc.: 'He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning.' 'For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. For his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.'" — *Sermons*, No. 35.

He explains at much length the Scripture statements whose literal sense is in obvious contradiction with those above quoted, and meets the objections to his doctrine, showing that even the partially sanctified man does not commit sin, with no small cogency.

Yet, for all this, he teaches that in the regenerated man sin may and does exist for a longer or shorter period. This

appears quite inconsistent at first glance with the assertions above made ; indeed, it must be confessed that Wesley's statements concerning sin are somewhat confused, and his meaning difficult to ascertain, except by careful collation of different parts of his writings. Sometimes, as above, he seems to restrict it to its narrowest sense, and then again to give it so wide a scope that he hesitates to call even the highest experience for which he pleads a *sinless* perfection. He speaks of "sin properly so called," and "sin improperly so called"; of which the former is a voluntary transgression of a known law, and the latter an involuntary transgression; and he admits "there is no such perfection in this life as excludes these involuntary transgressions." Of this more hereafter. From his general use of the terms we infer that he intends to make the following distinctions:—(a.) Sin in an improper sense; embracing such acts as proceed from ignorance or other infirmities,—unintentional violations of the law. (b.) Sin in the proper sense; comprising both *outward* and *inward* sins; the former being actual and wilful violations of God's law; the latter, those evil desires, tendencies, and dispositions which exist in the partially sanctified soul, and are by it restrained, but which being indulged become outward acts of disobedience; "such as pride, self-will, love of the world in any kind or degree; such as lust, anger, peevishness; any disposition contrary to the mind which was in Christ." Thus, while he insists that the true believer, however weak his faith, does not commit sin, he just as stoutly maintains that these bad impulses and evil tendencies are "of the nature of sin," and are to be called by that name. But he, and those who agree with him on the doctrine under consideration, believe that these "inward sins" may be wholly purged away, and that it is the privilege of a true child of God to live in this world free from all disturbance by them. It is the suppression and destruction of these "inward sins" which constitute a principal part of the work of sanctification, and the final extirpation of them marks the fulness of that work in the soul. "Sanctification in its earlier stages implies the *subjugation* of the body of sin; and *complete* sanctification implies its entire destruction."

The positive features of the doctrine of Christian perfection

may now be exhibited with considerable brevity. It has a twofold character. It implies, first, an entire destruction of *sin*, both outward and inward. There must be not only a resistance to every outward solicitation, and a suppression of every inward desire, impulse, or tendency to that which is wrong, till resistance and suppression of evil become a habit of the soul, but these desires, impulses, and tendencies must themselves cease to exist. They constitute "the old man," and "the old man must be crucified, with his affections and lusts." Secondly, there must be a constructive, as well as a destructive operation. "The new man" must be built up. There is to be an increase and a perfecting of all the Christian graces, chief of which is love to God, an affection first awakened in the heart by the act of regeneration. Not only must God be the supreme object of affection, so far as that, among a variety of objects, he shall be loved more than any or all of them; but he must in such sort be the sole object of affection that all other love shall be subservient to this, all other objects being loved in him, he being recognized as the author of whatever is lovely in them, thus "filling all in all." Thus there shall be no longer any conflict of the affections, desires, and tastes, and no longer any painful feeling of sacrifice in abstaining from objects or actions, however pleasurable, in which *sin* is discovered as an ingredient, but such a distaste and loathing as makes the soul revolt from them, such delight in God as leads to a free, glad, ungrudging obedience to the Divine will. "The works of the flesh" are to be annihilated; "the fruit of the spirit" is to be cultivated; and this consists of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." "Suppose," says Wesley, "all these things to be knit together in one, to be united together in the soul of a believer, this is Christian perfection." He more fully describes it thus:—

"What is, then, the perfection of which man is capable while he dwells in a corruptible body? It is the complying with that kind command, 'Son, give me thy heart.' It is the 'loving the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind.' This is the sum of Christian perfection; it is all comprised in that one word, love. The first branch of it is the love of God; and as he that loves

God loves his brother also, it is inseparably connected with the second, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Thou shalt love every man as thy own soul, as Christ loved us. 'On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.' These contain the whole of Christian perfection.

"Another view of this is given us in those words of the great Apostle, 'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.' For, although this immediately and directly refers to the humility of our Lord, yet it may be taken in a far more extensive sense, so as to include the whole disposition of his mind, all his affections, all his tempers, both towards God and man. Now it is certain that, as there was no evil affection in him, so no good affection or temper was wanting. So that *whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are lovely*, are all included in the mind that was in Christ Jesus." — *Sermon 68.*

Fletcher presents the following in his definition: —

"We give the name of 'Christian perfection' to that maturity of grace and holiness which established adult believers attain to under the Christian dispensation; and thus we distinguish that maturity of grace, both from the ripeness of *grace* which belongs to the dispensation of *the Jews below us*, and from the ripeness of *glory* which belongs to *departed saints above us*. Hence it appears that by 'Christian perfection' we mean nothing but the cluster and maturity of the graces which compose the Christian character in the Church Militant.

"In other words, Christian perfection is a spiritual constellation, made up of those gracious stars, perfect repentance, perfect faith, perfect humility, perfect meekness, perfect self-denial, perfect resignation, perfect hope, perfect charity for our *visible* enemies, as well as for our *earthly* relations; and, above all, perfect love for our *invisible* God, through the explicit knowledge of our Mediator, Jesus Christ." — *Last Check*, p. 492.

Adam Clark, as quoted by Dr. Peck, discourses on the subject thus: —

"The word 'perfection,' in reference to anything, signifies that such person or thing is complete or finished; that it has nothing redundant, and is in nothing defective. And hence that observation of a learned civilian is at once both correct and illustrative, namely, 'We count those things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereto they were instituted.' And *to be perfect* often signifies 'to be blame-



less, clean, irreproachable,' and, according to the above definition of Hooker, a man may be said to be perfect who answers the end for which God made him; and as God requires every man to love him with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength, and his neighbor as himself, then he is a perfect man that does so; he answers the end for which God made him." — *Peck*, p. 53.

Watson agrees substantially with the above writers, though he dwells but briefly on the subject. He calls this higher state by the name of "entire sanctification," as connecting it with, and yet distinguishing it from, that partial sanctification of which regeneration is the beginning. This completeness of holiness, he teaches, implies deliverance from all spiritual pollution, "all inward depravation of the heart," as well as that which, expressing itself outwardly by the indulgence of the senses, is called "filthiness of the flesh." He, as well as the other writers quoted, very earnestly contends that this is not a mere ideal state at which Christians are to aim, and to which they may approximate more or less closely, but which they are never to attain in this life; but a practical experience, which it is the privilege of all true believers to reach, and which with many is an accomplished fact. On this point we shall have something more to say when we come to speak of the time and means of the attainment of Christian perfection.

The Scripture passages referred to in proof and illustration of the doctrine, as described above, are very numerous. First in importance are the direct injunctions, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," etc., and "thy neighbor as thyself." (Mark xii. 30, etc.) "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. v. 48.) "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and the spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." (2 Cor. vii. 1.) Secondly, those passages are cited which describe the provisions of the Gospel in their application to the believer. Christ was manifested "to destroy the works of the devil." "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." (Rom. viii. 34.)

“Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.” (1 Pet. ii. 24.) “Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.” (Col. i. 28.) The promises of the Bible are also asserted to imply that this state is attainable. “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.” (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.) “And the Lord thy God will circumcise thy heart and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live.” (Deut. xxx. 6.) “Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.” (Matt. v. 6.) “But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in him.” (1 John ii. 5.) This state of perfect sanctification is also prayed for. “I bow my knees unto the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he would grant you, that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God.” (Eph. iii. 14, etc.) “The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God, your whole spirit, soul, and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.” (1 Thess. v. 23.) “Always laboring fervently for you in prayers, that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.” (Col. iv. 12.)

There are several other classes of passages which are relied on to sustain the doctrine, as well as many passages in the classes referred to, which it is not necessary to quote. Enough has been given to intimate the drift of the Scriptural argument. Much is made also of the proof from experience. Not only such eminent persons as Fletcher, Bromwell, Carvosso, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Maxwell, and others, but a multitude of more obscure Christians, furnish testimony to the effect that, after the experience of justification and regeneration, they attained a higher state, in which they were delivered from certain “inward corruptions” which, notwithstanding

their acceptance with God, they yet felt moving in them, though not reigning.

It is important that we just here observe the limits within which the advocates of this doctrine confine the terms made use of; or, in other words, that we notice some of the negative aspects of the theory. It is to be remarked that our authors teach a relative and considerably qualified perfection. It is not the perfection of God nor of angels, nor is it even an absolute human perfection. The subject of it may be of imperfect physical powers, and be very far from having a perfect intellect. He may inherit bodily disease, he may lack knowledge and wisdom and many other qualities, and yet not fall short of the standard here set up. It is simply *Christian* perfection, or completeness of Christian character. It is admitted not only to fall short of the perfection possible to unfallen Adam, but to be consistent with many mistakes and defects, and much ignorance, occasioning unintentional transgressions of the Divine law, and what Wesley calls "sin in the improper sense." A broad distinction is made between Adamic, or "legal perfection," and Christian perfection," — a distinction which has been a principal point of discussion between the advocates and opponents of this doctrine, and upon which we must expend some words.

"The prejudices of our opponents are increased by their confounding Adamic and Christian perfection; two perfections which are as distinct as the garden of Eden and the Christian Church. Adamic perfection came from God our Creator in paradise, before any trial of Adam's faithful obedience; and Christian perfection comes from God our Redeemer and Sanctifier in the Christian Church, after a severe trial of the obedience of faith. Adamic perfection might be lost by doing despite to the preserving love of God our Creator; and Christian perfection may be lost by doing despite to the redeeming love of God our Saviour. Adamic perfection extended to the whole man; his body was perfectly sound in all its parts, and his soul in all its powers. But Christian perfection extends chiefly to the will, which is the capital moral power of the soul; leaving the understanding ignorant of ten thousand things, and the body 'dead because of sin.' " — *Fletcher's Last Check*, p. 499.

Wesley admits that a perfect obedience to "the moral law" would be possible only to a person endued with the perfect



powers of Adam. It must be noted here, however, that both he and Fletcher had very exalted notions of "Adamic perfection,"—higher even than a large proportion of Orthodox writers. Wesley appears to regard the first man as a being of wonderful intellectual powers, quite incapable of making a mistake or being deceived; in fact, a man of such intuitive judgment that he may never have been required to reason at all. He supposes the mind to have been in such a condition as "to see every truth that offered, as directly as the eye now sees the light." Being created "free from any defect either in his understanding or affections," and with a body which was no impediment to the soul's action, there was that required of him which cannot justly be required of persons with inferior powers. The moral law, as applied to this embodiment of absolute human perfection, excuses no mistakes, or infirmities, or natural defects of any kind; but to these humanity, as we now find it, is perpetually liable; therefore in the best of men there will be unintentional violations of this law, that is, an imperfect obedience.

But, he says, under the Christian dispensation, the obligation to obey this law has been done away, in so far as it was a condition of acceptance with God. "In the room of this, Christ hath established another, namely, the law of faith. Not every one that doeth, but every one that believeth, now receiveth righteousness in the full sense of the word; that is, he is justified, sanctified, and glorified." Fletcher also distinguishes between what he calls "the Christless law of innocence," (or the moral law as binding upon a perfect being in the full possession of all his powers,) and "the Evangelical law of Christ." The former, he admits, with Wesley, no man in the present condition of humanity can perfectly keep. But he denies that Christian perfection demands this.

"We do not doubt but, as a reasonable, loving father never requires of his child, who is only ten years old, the work of one who is thirty years of age; so our Heavenly Father never expects of us, in our debilitated state, the obedience of immortal Adam in paradise, or the uninterrupted worship of sleepless angels in heaven. We are persuaded, therefore, that, for Christ's sake, he is pleased with an humble obedience to our present light, and a loving exertion of our present



powers, accepting our Gospel services according to what we have, and not according to what we have not. Nor dare we call that loving exertion of our present power *sin*, lest by so doing we should contradict the Scriptures, and remove all the landmarks which divide the devil's common and the Lord's vineyard." — *Last Check*, p. 494.

Dr. Peck makes the following distinction between "the Adamic law," and "the law of love," as incorporated in the Gospel.

"One is an expression of the Divine will concerning beings perfectly pure, in the full possession of all their original capabilities; but the other is an expression of the Divine will concerning fallen beings restored to a state of probation by the mediation of Christ. Each alike requires the exercise of *all the capabilities* of the subjects; but the subjects being in different circumstances, and differing in the amount of their capabilities, from the necessity of the case the conditions of life are varied. Allowing the same formulary to be employed in both cases, viz. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength,' the heart, etc. in one case, being in a different condition from what it is in the other, does not *in all respects* imply the same thing. In both cases it implies *the whole heart*; but *the whole heart is less in some respects* in one case than in the other." — p. 237.

This perfection, then, is not to be estimated by the law imposed upon an absolutely perfect humanity. However short, as at present circumstanced and endowed, man may come in respect of that law, he is rendered capable of perfect obedience to the "law of love" as laid down in the New Testament. "Christian character is estimated by the conditions of the Gospel," and "Christian perfection implies the perfect performance of these conditions, and nothing else." In accordance with these views are interpreted such passages of Scripture as the following: "But now are we delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held; that we should serve in the newness of the spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter." (Rom. vii. 6.) "For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh."

(Rom. viii. 2, 3.) "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." (Rom. x. 4.) "This is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." (Heb. viii. 10.) These and similar passages are supposed to indicate that the conditions of acceptance are changed, and that men are capable of perfect compliance with those conditions. There is demanded a perfect obedience, not to a law framed for beings endowed with higher powers than the present race of men possess, but to the "Evangelical law," the "law of love," the "law of faith," the "perfect law of liberty," as it is variously termed.

There are those, however, among the followers of Wesley, who, while agreeing with him in the main, dissent from this notion of a remediless inability perfectly to keep the law. They take a more moderate view of the perfection of Adam, and claim that, by the Divine grace, his descendants are capable of the same degree of holiness and the same complete obedience that he was; that whatever was lost to humanity in the primal transgression has been restored in Christ.

We have dwelt at what may seem disproportionate length on this point, because it is here more than anywhere else that misapprehensions arise concerning the views of our authors, and because in the theological conflict on this subject this is one of the great strategetic positions around which the battle rages most hotly.

Again, it is not claimed for this perfection that it implies any freedom from temptation. To whatever experience the Christian may attain, he is confessed to be in this life always liable to temptation. Temptation does not imply sin, else Christ would be proved a sinner. "Temptations to sin are from without,—that is, they are not impulsions of the mind, but the suggestions or solicitations of an evil agent. Evil impulses are themselves sin." "But the assaults of evil agents may be made upon the purest mind. Our Lord Jesus Christ 'was in all points tempted like as we are, and yet without sin.'"

Nor does this perfection imply impeccability. "Formerly," says Wesley, "we thought one saved from sin could not fall. Now we know to the contrary. Neither does any one stand by virtue of anything that is implied in the nature of the state. There is no such *height* or *strength* of holiness as it is impossible to fall from." Adam and "the angels that kept not their first estate" are cited as examples in proof.

Finally, this perfection is not such as excludes further growth or progress in holiness. This, to many, has seemed contradictory and absurd. They have asked, "What kind of a perfection can that be which admits of addition or increase?" It is answered by the advocates of Christian perfection, that Christianity is in itself a growth, a progress, and that, though it is at first impeded by the natural corruptions of the heart, it will, if rightly cultivated, not only overcome these obstacles, but wholly displace them from the soil of the soul; its growth and progress by virtue of this effect becoming more rapid than before, — a full and perfect operation, ever increasing in volume and power.

"We exhort the strongest believer to grow up into Christ in all things; asserting that there is no holiness and no happiness in heaven (much less on earth) which does not admit of a growth, except the holiness and happiness of God himself; because, in the very nature of things, a being absolutely perfect, and in every sense infinite, can never have anything added to him. But infinite additions may be made to beings every way finite, such as glorified saints and holy angels are.

"Hence it appears that the comparison which we make between the ripeness of a fruit and the maturity of a believer's grace cannot be carried into an exact parallel. For a perfect Christian grows far more than a feeble believer, whose growth is still hindered by the shady thorns of sin, and by the draining suckers of iniquity. Besides, a fruit which is come to its perfection, instead of growing, falls and decays; whereas a 'babe in Christ' is called to grow till he becomes a perfect Christian; a perfect Christian, till he becomes a disembodied spirit; a disembodied spirit, till he reaches the perfection of a saint glorified in body and soul; and such a saint, till he has fathomed the infinite depths of Divine perfection, that is, to all eternity." — *Fletcher's Last Check*, p. 499.

To the same effect Wesley speaks. "It is so far from lying

in an indivisible point, from being incapable of increase, that one perfected in love may grow in grace far swifter than he did before." Dr. Peck states the case as follows:—

"It will be remembered that we have found sanctification to imply both the *death of sin* and the *life of righteousness*. And when we speak of entire sanctification, as to the former part of it, we say it may be attained *at once*,—*it is an instantaneous work*, and we are authorized to look for its accomplishment *now*. And it must be admitted that when this work is accomplished it cannot in all future time be *more* than accomplished. But in relation to the latter part of this great work,—*viz.* the life of righteousness, embracing *all holy affections* and *pious efforts*,—it is regarded as entirely *progressive*. There never will be, during our earthly pilgrimage, and probably during eternity itself, a point at which the redeemed soul will have reached a height of holiness which precludes further improvement." — p. 212.

As previously remarked, it is evident that the perfection advocated by these writers is a very carefully qualified one; not implying a perfect body or a perfect soul, nor, indeed, perfect powers of any kind. It is not a completed development of the religious life, a finished education in holiness, a *ne plus ultra* in spiritual progress. There is simply a full consecration and sanctification of such powers as the believer possesses to the service of God, a perfect faith in the Gospel, a whole-hearted affection going forth freely to the Divine Father, the unobstructed course of the Holy Spirit in the soul. Christianity, it is claimed, proposes a certain process in a man, and when that process is going on perfectly, *that* is Christian perfection. "*Perfecti et non perfecti: perfecti viatores nondum perfecti possessores*," says Augustine.\*

The time and method of attaining this completeness of Christian character is much discussed by our authors. Very many who oppose the doctrine as a whole, admit an ideal perfection, after which it is the duty of the Christian to be constantly striving, but which they deny that they can ever reach. Others confess that it is attainable in this life, yet strenuously deny that any person ever has attained it, or ever will attain it, during his earthly probation. The great majority, perhaps,

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\* Sermon 169.



of those who have written on either side of the subject, have agreed that this perfection is necessary to a meetness for heaven, and that every finally-saved soul attains to it previous to or at the time of mortal dissolution. Wesley and his school, however, explicitly deny the necessity of a delay till that period. While they admit that a majority of believers do fail to receive the fulness of the Divine grace any long time previous to their last hours, they insist that the New Testament describes the experience as one not barely possible, but one practicable and expected to be actual in the Church; and, moreover, that there are directions and exhortations suitable only to those who have already come to such a state. Among the texts quoted in support of this position is the assertion of Paul (Rom. viii. 3, 4): "God sent his Son that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." Wesley says the commands bearing on this experience, some of which we have before quoted, have reference to the living, not to the *dead*. The requirement to love God with all the heart, "cannot mean, Thou shalt do this when thou diest, but while thou livest." John says: "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, because as he is, so are we in this world." (1 John iv. 17.)

Watson objects to the doctrine of the completion of the spiritual work only in the death of the body, first, because the promises of entire sanctification in the Scriptures are nowhere "restricted to the article of death, either expressly, or in fair inference"; and, secondly, because "we nowhere find the circumstance of the soul's union with the body represented as a necessary obstacle to its entire sanctification." He notices the fact that a strong argument against his position has been drawn from the latter part of the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans; and he exerts himself to parry the stroke, denying that the Apostle is there describing the state of a believer in Christ. He also says, "the doctrine before us is disproved by those passages of Scripture which connect our entire sanctification with subsequent habits and acts, to be exhibited in the conduct of believers *before death*." "Know this, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that *henceforth*

we should not serve sin." The Apostle, he says, prays for the entire sanctification of the Thessalonians, and then for their *preservation* in that hallowed state till "the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"We conclude, therefore, as to the *time* of our complete sanctification, or, to use the phrase of the Apostle Paul, 'the destruction of the body of sin,' that it can neither be referred to the hour of death, nor placed subsequently to this present life. The attainment of perfect freedom from sin is one to which believers are called during the present life, and is necessary to that completeness of 'holiness,' and of those active and passive graces of Christianity, by which they are called to glorify God in this world, and to edify mankind." — *Institutes*, Part II. chap. 39.

Fletcher reasons much in the same way, and is particularly severe on what he calls the doctrine of a "death purgatory"; for to this he considers those to be driven who, while acknowledging that perfect holiness is necessary to a meetness for heaven, yet deny that it may be experienced in this life. He argues with much animation, that death will in no respect alter the moral character of the soul; and that disembodied spirits will possess the very same dispositions and propensities which they had when they dwelt in the body.

Another point of discussion has been, whether this is an *instantaneous* or a *gradual* work; some of those who accept the doctrine favoring the one, others the other. Wesley himself, though quite positive, is not always clear. He says it is both instantaneous and gradual. He teaches explicitly enough that the normal experience of a Christian is a growth, — "first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear," — a going on from small beginnings to a large, rich maturity of gifts and graces. Yet even in such, he says, there comes a time when faith and love have a perfect operation; when the body of sin is not only subdued, but dead; when the believer is entirely free from all desires and inclinations toward those things which are sinful. He avers that the moment when this takes place is the moment of a great and wondrous change, the arrival at a new and elevated plane of the religious life, where the believer knows and feels much to which he was previously a stranger. He illustrates it as follows: —

"A man may be *dying* for some time, yet he does not, properly speaking, *die* till the instant the soul is separated from the body; and in that instant he lives the full life of eternity. In like manner he may be *dying to sin* for some time, yet he is not dead to sin until sin is separated from his soul; and in that instant he lives the full life of love. And as the change undergone when the body dies is of a different kind, and infinitely greater than any we had known before, yea, such as till then it is impossible to conceive, so the change wrought when the soul dies to sin is of a different kind and infinitely greater than any before, and than any can conceive till he experiences it; yet he still grows in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ, in the love and image of God; and will do so not only till death, but probably to all eternity." — *Plain Account*.

The length of time requisite for the extirpation of these evil elements from the soul and the maturing of the Christian life is quite indeterminate. Under the same degree of faithfulness there would be a wide difference corresponding to different constitutional peculiarities. But we are assured that the experience may be looked for at almost any time between a period briefly subsequent to regeneration and the end of life.

This progressive work, with Wesley, is not merely a strengthening of the *habit* of holiness, by a persistent repression of evil appetites, affections, and impulses, till by disuse they practically cease to exist; it is the effect of the influence of the Holy Spirit in the heart, bestowed in answer to the prayer of faith. It must, however, be observed, that faith, in Wesley's meaning, is no mystic, or quietistic, or Antinomian operation. It implies all the work that pertains to the Christian life, — a putting forth all the powers of the soul to fulfil the Divine command, relying upon superhuman power only where human ability fails; — "a faith that works by love and purifies the heart." So that really his life of faith is one of self-denial, cross-bearing, earnest prayer, deep thoughtfulness, and constant application of all the principles of the Gospel. It embraces all that is implied in spiritual culture. In response to the faith which is the root and mainspring of all good human character, God is believed to bring in those spiritual influences which give the soul peculiar strength in the resist-



ance of temptation, clearer views of God, intenser love of the Divine character, deeper desire for holiness, and more thorough hatred of sin.

But though this maturing of Christian graces and this annihilation of evil desires in the normal Christian life is for the most part gradual, yet it is claimed by many, and admitted by Wesley, that there are numerous instances of what may be called a second conversion, or, as it is frequently termed in conversation and the narratives of experience, "the second blessing." It is asserted that God can, and often does, in answer to the prayer of faith, "cut short the work in righteousness," thus completing in a few hours what in many another instance is the process of months or years. On this point there has been some difference of opinion among the followers of Wesley, and much discussion. Still the denominational standards in the main, and a very large proportion of the testimony from experience, so far as given, go to favor the idea of an immediate and distinct second experience. Wesley is not entirely harmonious with himself on this particular question. As before stated, he says that the work is *both* instantaneous and gradual, averring that even in the gradual experience there comes an instant when the work is complete, and that instant is one of a wonderful change in the views and feelings of the subject of it. In certain passages of his writings, he gives the impression that this is the natural and regular method of sanctification. Yet elsewhere he seems to contend just as strenuously for an "immediate work." He represents that a believer at any stage of his experience may seek the great blessing, with the assurance that he will certainly find it if seeking aright. God is able and willing for any "to do it now. And why not? Is not a moment to him the same as a thousand years? He cannot want more time to accomplish whatever is his will. We may therefore boldly say at any point of time, 'Now is the day of salvation! Behold! all things are now ready! Come to the marriage!'"

The following we find in the "Plain Account": —

"God usually gives a considerable time for men to receive light, to grow in grace, to do and suffer his will, before they are either justified or sanctified. But he does not invariably adhere to this. Sometimes



he 'cuts short his work.' He does the work of many years in a few weeks ; perhaps in a week, a day, an hour. He justifies or sanctifies both those who have done or suffered nothing, and who have not had time for a gradual growth either in light or grace. . . . . Generally speaking, it is *a long time*, even many years, before sin is destroyed. All this we know. But we know, likewise, that God may with man's good leave 'cut short his work' in whatever degree he pleases, and do the usual work of many years in a moment. He does so in a great many instances. And yet there is a gradual work both before and after that moment. So that one may affirm, the work is *gradual* ; another, it is *instantaneous*, — without any manner of contradiction."

Fletcher illustrates it by the narrative of the disciples who went to the other side of the Sea of Galilee while Jesus remained behind. They toiled very hard and made little headway. But after they had "rowed about twenty-five or thirty furlongs, they saw Jesus walking on the sea. He said to them, *It is I, be not afraid* : then they willingly received him into the ship, and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went." "Just so," says he, "we toil till our faith discovers Christ in the promise, and welcomes him into our hearts ; and such is the effect of his presence, that immediately we arrive at the land of perfection."

"Hence it follows that the most Evangelical method of following after this perfection to which we are immediately called is that of seeking it *now*, by endeavoring *fully* to lay hold on the promise of that perfection, through faith, just as if our repeated acts of obedience could never help us forward. But in the mean time we should do the works of faith, and repeat our internal and external acts of obedience with as much earnestness and faithfulness, according to our present power, as if we were sure to enter into rest merely by a diligent use of our talents, and a faithful exertion of the powers which Divine grace has bestowed upon us. If we do not attend to the first of these directions, we shall seek to be sanctified by works, like the Pharisees ; and if we disregard the second, we shall fall into Solifidian sloth with the Antinomians." — *Last Check*, p. 639.

We have now given the principal features of this doctrine, and briefly indicated some of the arguments by which it is maintained. We have not presented all the objections to it, nor all the arguments by which they are met by its defenders,

as it was our purpose only to furnish a fair, honest statement of a subject of considerable importance, yet sometimes much misapprehended. We will close by briefly recapitulating the elements and limitations of the theory.

Christian perfection is synonymous with entire sanctification, and is attainable by every true believer. It is subsequent to justification. It precedes death. It is not absolute perfection; for this is confessed to belong alone to God. Nor does it imply absolutely perfect human powers. It is *perfect love*. "This is the *essence* of it; its *properties*, or inseparable fruits, are *rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in everything giving thanks*." It is *improvable*. "It is so far from lying in an indivisible point, from being incapable of increase, that one perfected in love may grow in grace far swifter than before." It is amissible, or capable of being lost. It is constantly both preceded and followed by a *gradual* work.

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#### ART. III.—CAN WE HAVE AN ART-GALLERY?

1. *Description des Objets d'Art de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts de Florence*. 1857. Quinzième Edition.
2. *Notice des Tableaux du Musée Impérial du Louvre*. 9<sup>e</sup> Edition. Paris. 1854.
3. *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures of the National Gallery*. By R. N. WORNUM. Revised by SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, P. R. A. Thirtieth Edition. London. 1860.
4. *Companion to the Bryan Gallery of Christian Art*. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York. 1853.
5. *Descriptive Catalogue of "Old Masters" collected by JAMES J. JARVES to illustrate the History of Painting from A. D. 1200 to the Best Periods of Italian Art*. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1860.
6. *Il Mondo Illustrato*. Turin. 24 Agosto, 1861. *Galleria de Pitture Italiane a Boston*.

TALK of Art during a civil war? Why not? War is fleeting, Art permanent. The former has its root in the tempo-

rary disorder of humanity, while the latter is the solid growth of the unquenchable love in the human heart of Heaven's first and greatest law, Order, whose fairest fruit is Beauty. Therefore we may even now talk of Art, and with a practical end in view.

The error of American civilization is its one-sidedness. It concentrates its energies on a few points. It wants intellectual breadth. Great progress is attained in certain directions, but mainly in that of material prosperity, the greatest stimulus of which is not so much the sordid love of riches, as satisfaction in the pursuit of them. We are by no means an avaricious people. It is not the glitter of the dollar that attracts. Indeed, prodigality is exalted wellnigh to a virtue. But whether we gain or spend money, we derive from it, in comparison with other nations, very little true æsthetic enjoyment. Chevreul tells us that two variously-colored lights taken in a certain proportion produce white light. Thus far there has been no *white light* in our civilization, from want of harmony between those fundamental principles of human growth which underlie all national progress. Our intellectual, moral, and æsthetic faculties have not established an uniformity of development. One-sided races, like one-sided persons, although producing striking effects in one direction, are ever liable to shipwreck by collision with counter forces, of equal or greater velocity and intensity, coming from another direction. America is now illustrating this law. We are justly suffering for preferring commercial gain to justice, the meaner to the nobler motive, as the foundation of our prosperity. We deliberately built on sand, while stone was ready to our use. What wonder, then, that the storm shakes the edifice, and the very corner-stone is undermined by the flood! We bargained for this. England, also, so far as she establishes her grandeur upon material interests, discarding in her dealings all other considerations except those which would make all countries tributary to her merchants, is likewise drawn towards the vortex of offended law, from which if she hasten not to escape by adjusting the defective balances of her moral constitution, obeying, though late, even as we are trying to do, the higher impulses, must undergo the purification of a great sorrow.

But it is not our present purpose to discuss the moral or political aspects of either nation. We allude to these in passing, merely to show that war should not preclude thought, or even action, in other directions. To permit it to do so would be but repeating the fatal error of one-sided enterprise, which has done so much toward bringing upon us the present distress. And as war is a vigorous stimulant to intellectual activity, it may be hoped that, among the many changes in our ideas and enterprises which it may eventually produce, art itself may take firmer root here, as it has under similar conditions among other nations claiming to be civilized and refined. Timid minds might suggest waiting for a more propitious moment to urge its claims. But where would now be mediæval art, had France, Germany, and Italy taken similar counsel of their fears, when their national unity and manhood were developing amid civil war. They carved and painted and built with all the more zeal and faith because of their trials. Those marvels of painting, sculpture, and architecture which are their present pride, and contribute so powerfully toward their national unity, by perpetuating in everlasting beauty and truth the ideas and aspirations of their youth, were created during dire struggles such as we seem likely ever to be strangers to. In the general expansion of mind which ensued from the agitation of great questions, art secured a beneficent ascendancy, contributing largely to refinement of manners and exaltation of life, and forming, as it were, a confraternity of ideas, or a sort of universal "peace society." Thus it happened that art in its highest significance has been respected when little else was spared by human passions. Independent of the sanctity which religious association cast around art at that period, there was, furthermore, an acknowledged demand, based upon a widely diffused æsthetic taste for objects of beauty. Wherever such existed, like sunlight, they were the common heritage of enjoyment of all. Hence a brotherhood of thought and feeling obtained by means of the influences of art. And so deeply ingrained into the constitution of most European and Oriental races have become the love of the beautiful, and the repose of mind which it induces, that governments are compelled to provide largely for its satisfaction. But in our



own case there is as yet no such call. Accordingly, government takes no notice of this element of human nature, except occasionally under the pressure of private interest or ambition. It is well, perhaps, that for the present it should be so. For, possessing neither knowledge nor taste, whatever it did would, as we see by what it has attempted, only provoke the ridicule of our children, and furnish eyesores for generations to come. But in view of our future, it behooves every American penetrated with a love of art to do all he can to keep the sacred fire aglow in the hearts of his countrymen. It will be no light labor, especially under the disadvantages of the present hour, to bring about a general recognition of high art, with its consequent enjoyment. But God has implanted in every human soul the instinct of the beautiful, and faculties for its guidance and cultivation. These only need to be stimulated to arouse a new sense of exquisite enjoyment, such as a mind apathetic in regard to art has never conceived of.

At no previous period of our national existence have there been more important questions at issue than now. The success or failure of democratic freedom, as opposed to aristocratic domination, is the great point which we are now determining. More than ever do we require the refining and ennobling influences of high art to counteract the too rigid strain of the mind tending almost exclusively toward the development of material strength. That is strong only as it represents the right. We are making history anew, based upon the loftiest principle of civil government,—justice and freedom alike to all. Heroic action is ripening out of heroic thought. If we would perpetuate the trials and triumphs of our time in forms of living beauty, we must bid Art do it. To her alone has Heaven confided the precious gift of a universal tongue.

We cannot create art by a magician's wand. We can, however, provide the means of instruction by which genius and taste in all communities are most frequently inspired to work. In order to do this, it concerns us to know what other nations have done to supply the æsthetic craving, and how far their example is pertinent in our case. Our inquiry on this point now will be confined to painting.

The most common means of popularizing art and cultivat-

ing a general taste is by galleries or museums. But even in Europe these have been only quite recently established. Before 1780 there were only three, those of Dresden, Florence, and Amsterdam. As early as the fourteenth century associations of painters had been formed, like that of Florence, A. D. 1350, which was the origin of the present Academy of Fine Arts of that city. But this institution did not possess a gallery until 1784. Indeed, public galleries were not in vogue until long after art itself had degenerated into that impotency and insipidity which preceded its revival in the present century. True, there were noble and royal collections like the Pitti, Borghese, Modena, etc. To these, however, the public had only partial access. But as the churches and public buildings of that period still retained altar-pieces and other important paintings in those positions for which they were originally designed, the people did not miss as much as they otherwise would have done the less important easel pictures of the same masters, in the private collections of their rulers. Later, however, on the suppression of many convents and churches, places of deposit had to be provided for the works of art taken from them. Many of these fell into the hands of individuals, or became the prey of speculators. To prevent their total loss to the public, the several governments promptly instituted galleries, into which were gradually gathered all works of art belonging to them, or which had been declared the property of the state. In this way masterpieces which for centuries had been lost to the public eye, or half forgotten in rarely explored apartments of princely residences, were brought out from their obscurity, and restored to their legitimate function of popular enjoyment and instruction. Yet even in the best of these institutions there was no special order or system, and they had little to recommend them beside the indifferent opportunity they gave to those disposed to study art.

The present Museum of the Louvre is composed of numerous galleries of objects of art and antiquity, embracing the entire range of civilization, founded and conserved on a scale of imperial liberality and magnificence. As the visitor wanders through its long ranges of halls, overflowing with

precious works, he is surprised to learn that this chief attraction of the most attractive city of the world is scarcely seventy years old. On the 18th of October, 1792, the first year of the French Republic, M. Roland wrote to David, the painter, that the National Convention had decreed the establishment of a Museum in the palace of the Louvre, of which he was to be the director. Let it be borne in mind, that the greatest Museum of Europe was thus founded by republicans. It was not until the people had won political power, that the rulers threw open to them the treasures of art which had hitherto been enjoyed in selfish privacy, or displayed only as reflections of the aristocratic taste and magnificence of the few. When absolutism gave way to democratic ideas, one of the first results was the restoration to the people of the art of previous ages, whose chief inspiration, most abundant fruits, and noblest motives had their origin, particularly in Italy, before popular liberty had been overthrown by the combined despotisms of Church and State. Especially should Americans recall the historical fact, for edification and encouragement, that art has flourished and been lofty and pure in proportion to the freedom of the people, rather than the power of princes. Hence our hope for the spread of high art on this continent rests in great degree upon our faith in the ultimate triumph of a true democracy. Republican France, although engaged in a death-struggle with coalesced Europe, bleeding and poverty-stricken, convulsed with civil strife, and tortured by the hate of castes and sects, jeopardized in her liberties and existence as we never can be, thought and labored for art. The numerous portable works which the nation owned were gathered into a museum, free to all; whilst 100,000 livres annually were decreed for the purchase of pictures and statues in private hands, which the Republic considered it would not be for its honor to permit to be sold out of the country. From this beginning, and under these circumstances, within the memory of those now living, the present Louvre has risen.

What was oligarchical England doing meanwhile? Not founding galleries; for, with the example of the Louvre before them, the British Parliament refused as a gift what now constitutes the admirable Dulwich Gallery. The British government

cared not at that date to instruct the people, or provide for their enjoyment in art, or indeed in anything else. Fortunately, it became before long fashionable to have a taste for pictures. This potent influence, added to the enlightenment of a few leading minds, who perceived that it was necessary for England to do something for the education of her artisans for the benefit of the manufacturing interests, jeopardized by the superior taste and skill of Continental artistic training, led to the purchase of the overrated Angerstein collection of pictures for £ 57,000, as the foundation of a National Gallery. While other countries had abundant store of works of art as public property with which to begin their great museums, England was almost destitute; the only royal collection of value it had ever possessed, that of Charles I., having been long before dispersed. But no sooner did the people of England have an opportunity of studying art, than the National Gallery began to assume an importance proportionate to the greatness of the nation. The people have proved more liberal than the government; for while that has added to it by purchase since 1823 about two hundred pictures, gifts and bequests have increased it by upwards of seven hundred. Meantime the South Kensington Museum, more directly devoted to artistic education, has been established. In connection with it there are already fourscore schools of design, instructing 70,000 pupils, costing annually, in round numbers, \$500,000, both galleries, the National and Kensington, yearly receiving a million of visitors.

The most careless observer cannot have failed to notice, of late, the rapid improvement in graceful design and harmonious coloring of those British manufactures into which art enters as an elemental feature. As yet there is not much originality or variety of invention, though considerable skill and taste are displayed in adaptation from classical and mediæval examples, betokening a general spread of knowledge of art-forms, and a riper appreciation of their refining and æsthetic influences, even when associated with objects of common use. This is due to those institutions above named, and the eloquent literature of art which has grown up with them, of which Ruskin is the most conspicuous example. England



preserves her pre-eminence by schooling her artisans in matters of refined taste and perfect workmanship. Under similar advantages, there is no reason why our people, with more cosmopolitan brains, acuter sensibilities, readier impressibility, and quicker inventive faculties, should not excel her in these respects, as we do already in several branches of manufacture. Education only is lacking. We are wrong. One thing beside is needful. The plucking out by its roots of that national conceit which forbids us to confess our ignorance of anything; this done, the American need fall behind no other race in intellectual and artistical progress. We have a continent of fast multiplying millions to supply with all the fabrics into which æsthetic enjoyment may enter, as well as absolute works of art. And what utensil is there with which we may not, as did the Greeks, connect beauty of form and color, and make it suggestive of hidden meaning, pointing a moral or narrating a fact?

If the eye dwells only upon the common aspect of our streets and dwellings, the almost universal indifference to the simplest laws of order and beauty which prevails is not only discouraging to a cultivated taste, but is as painful to the vision as are discordant sounds to the musical ear. Look at our shop-windows, by way of a homely illustration of our meaning. One glance at some of these is often sufficient to stagger any eye accustomed to take delight in the harmonies of color, order, and general beauty of artistic arrangement. Instead of that tasteful, inviting display of merchandise seen abroad, and which to Americans, especially at Paris, constitutes their first, and often their only, lesson in art, we have a chaotic medley of things carelessly thrust into the windows, without other aim than to make each object as obtrusively conspicuous as possible. Many things there are of the toilettes of both sexes, which have no business whatever in such a place. All show "confusion worse confounded." A Parisian grisette would stand aghast at such an exposition. We venture to say that a Parisian dealer, who violated the æsthetic decencies of life in the exhibition of his merchandise after the manner of many of our shopmen, would speedily become a bankrupt. We eat by the eye, and buy too, more than is usually imagined. To test this statement, let an enterprising shopman on Wash-

ington Street or Broadway import from Paris an expert hand to arrange his merchandise in its most attractive aspect. His neighbors would soon be convinced that there was a subtle but positive flow of custom toward the point of beauty, although other conditions might be equal. Man was not created to live by bread alone. Beauty, however, requires to be made tangibly visible to be popularly enjoyed. Those who have seen in France the symmetrical wood-piles, with their mosaics of geometrical figures, and even the orderly arrangement of coal-heaps, can answer for their pleasing effects, showing how objects the most unæsthetical in themselves can be made attractive by the fairy-like touch of good taste. Every shop-keeper can become, through the means of his wares, if he but comprehends the elementary rules of beauty, a teacher of good taste to the public. Especially is this true of establishments devoted to objects of art. Shops like those of Williams and Everett in Boston — we mention this one as the most familiar example to New-Englanders, though it is but one of many in America — are the only real schools of art that we at present possess. That they are both instructive and attractive, elevating and refining to the public taste, is evident from the crowds that daily visit them, to gratify an instinctive love of the beautiful. Familiarity with high art is what we most require to exalt our critical standard. These shops, by means chiefly of engravings, photographs, and designs, and occasionally by the exhibition of good paintings and statuary, provide opportunities in this respect for the masses, which otherwise would only be the exceptionable privilege of the wealthier few. Their multiplication is encouraging; and were they suddenly withdrawn, we should painfully feel our dependence on them for æsthetic food.

In our architecture there is occasional evidence of correct feeling in the adaptation of forms to the purpose of the building, or some suggestiveness of details which gladdens the spirit like sunbeams struggling through a leaden sky. In other lands, however, the picturesque adapts itself, as it were, spontaneously to the landscape, frequently veiling with captivating mystery, addressed to the eye, what otherwise, if curiously peered into, might not be equally gratifying to the

remaining senses. Thrift and cleanliness are the common characteristics of a New England community. But they are too often cribbed and confined in houses and grounds from which every element of poetry and symptom of any instinctive love of beauty have been sedulously proscribed. Puritanism was at fault here. Its irrational hostility to sensuous enjoyment and the free action of fancy and imagination in an artistic sense, induced grave errors in our social fabric. The direct tendency of asceticism, under any garb, is to materialism and sensualism. Our gravest loss, owing to general intellectual cultivation, comes short of this, but leaves us neglectful of those æsthetic refinements and amenities which have been aptly termed minor morals, and are in truth the most delightful flavor of life. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when that intense egotism, born of the concentrated individualism of a too commercial people, shall be tempered by those more genial elements of humanity under whose influence its selfish exclusiveness will disappear, giving place to fraternal interest in pleasures free to all. Genuine socialism begins by expansion of the heart. Repudiating that mean pride of possession which covets means or objects in the degree that they isolate and exalt the individual in luxury and power above his fellows, it desires to use its gifts in a way which shall most fully comply with the spirit of the saying, that of him to whom much is given much will be required.

The vice of our civilization, as we have already intimated, is the intense egotism it fosters. Success to one person too often means loss to many. "Love thy neighbor," is largely distilled into that siren draft for the soul, "Charity begins at home." One means of infusing a more neighborly spirit among men is to do away as much as possible the temptations to exclusiveness among the rich, and covetousness among the poor. It is in this respect that all sources of common enjoyment and instruction, drawing men out of their isolations, mixing them sympathetically together, are of the greatest benefit. Galleries of art, next to religious institutions, contribute most powerfully to this desirable end. What has been done to supply this want?

The primary objects of these institutions elsewhere have



been simply preservation and publicity, without regard to any special system of classification or instruction. It was sufficient if artists could study pictures, and the public examine them, with little or no aids from descriptive catalogues or historical arrangement. Hence the great galleries of Europe, until recently, have presented a confusion of styles, schools, and eras, with an intermingling of *motives* not only perplexing to the spectator, but often misleading his judgment and perverting his tastes.

A gallery of art is the summary of the appeal of the imaginative, inventive, and imitative æsthetic faculties of one generation or nation against another. It is furthermore a record of its mental and moral life, its pictorial or plastic literature, — an incarnation of its loves and hopes, or that subtle transmutation of ideas and feelings into form and color, by the sight of which we inwardly mark, learn, and digest the spirit of the age and artist. Hence the importance of tracing the progress of art through its various stages of growth, idea, and execution, by a plan which shall clearly group it to the spectator according to its national or local rise and decay. The merely æsthetic enjoyment of art in its sensuous aspects of color and design is the most fascinating, but at the same time the most superficial. Every gallery should, however, be so arranged as to heighten it to the greatest degree, because it is so pleasing and popular.

Indeed, we may term it the primary legitimate office of art, just as gratification precedes instruction in our first glimpses of the natural world. Fortunately, this enjoyment in an eminent degree coincides with an orderly system in the arrangement of pictures, — the grouping them according to their leading motives or ideas in chronological sequence, with reference to their schools or specific styles of execution. By this plan the æsthetic effect of the pictures as a whole is enhanced, because it harmonizes in broad masses, leading motives, and systems of coloring and design, step by step, as they advanced or receded in their particular aims; each school being kept distinctive, by way of contrast with its predecessor or successor, and the varied graduations or changes by which one grew out of another made evident. This graduated arrangement



of artistic treasure according to its technical, intellectual, and moral value gives at one glance a comprehensive understanding of the whole. Taste is stimulated in an onward direction from lower to higher elements of art, under each of the above conditions, rising from master to master, until it pauses upon its highest attainments. Masterpieces, like emphatic points in an oration, must be so placed that the stimulated senses shall find, in finally resting upon them, climax and repose. We do not here allude to that mystical *rapport* between the artist and exceptionable minds, by which the former stands revealed to the latter as an ever-living soul, the inmost meaning of art communicated to a spiritual appreciation, but to that practical comprehension of art which is within the reach of every unprejudiced inquiring spectator.

What materials have we for a beginning of an institution on the plan suggested? The idea fits modern work quite as well as ancient; but the indispensable verdict of time as to its relative worth is necessary before it can be applied to the art of to-day. Much that fashion lauds for the moment soon gives way to new vagaries of conventional or crude taste, while not a little that it capriciously overlooks eventually secures a permanent place in the record of fame. Without, therefore, at all depreciating the present rich promise of American landscape art, or collections like the Dusseldorf and Athenæum, which have been useful as incentives to the artistic training of our people, we shall confine our inquiries to those painters of established reputation commonly called the "Old Masters."

The rawness of taste, lack of critical knowledge, and the speculative propensities of American travellers in Europe, have flooded our country with the rubbish of foreign picture-dealers to such an extent as to create a very natural prejudice against all old paintings. This can be corrected only by contrasting the genuine and good with the false and vicious. There are in America, hidden away in various places, more good pictures of the best periods of painting than the public are aware of. We have been surprised at seeing uncared for or unappreciated works of this description hanging on private walls, their history and name forgotten, because their rich, mellow tones, obscured by dirt or varnish, found little favor

in eyes accustomed to the cruder tints of modern work. Some, however, are known and cherished as family jewels. One in particular, which came unexpectedly on our sight, — a lovely Francia, in the fulness of its Christian purity and repose, — still nestles in our memory like a messenger dove from a promised land. Others there are, forced into mixed and dubious company by the dictum of a fashion that makes the rich man, in the untutored exercise of an unformed taste, the sport and prey of tricky dealers abroad. Were a gallery once established, acquisitions would flow to it from all such sources; some from an amiable ostentation of giving, others because they were not valued at home, and many more, we hope, out of the generous spirit which a true love of art inspires, holding its possessions to be in trust for the benefit and joy of all.

But we are not entirely dependent upon a resource so precarious. At the present time there are in America two collections made with special reference to our needs and uses. One is the Bryan Gallery of the Cooper Institute, New York, numbering more than two hundred pictures, chiefly of the Dutch, German, and French schools of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, — but including a few of the early Italian. Mr. Bryan loved pictures, and so he collected them. He had no definite aim beyond securing good ones, such as his opportunities in Europe offered to his sympathetic taste and practised eye. His gallery, therefore, was based, as most private galleries are, upon his individual preferences and chances. Among many pictures of no general interest or value, and which it might be well for its reputation as a whole to discard, there are several of rare merit. From the first, Mr. Bryan's public spirit has been most praiseworthy. At no light charge to himself, he threw open his pictures to the public, and at one time tendered them as a free gift to Philadelphia, his native city, — only to have his offer refused, because the authorities would not incur the expense of providing a place for their reception. Many artists and critics have discouraged and ridiculed his enthusiasm, or chilled it by supercilious indifference, thus to some extent and in certain circles creating a prejudice against his efforts; so that his praiseworthy endeavor to instruct and interest the people at large in art, had

it depended upon those who profess to be its critics and friends, would have wholly failed. But art is a sympathetic power. Our people are too much accustomed to form opinions for themselves, and are too intelligent and well-read, as a whole, to be long misled in any direction. The Bryan Gallery has finally, on its own merits, unaided by any prestige of European approval, established its reputation, and in a quiet, unostentatious way is enlarging the views of thousands of impressible minds, who, without such a collection to appeal to, might narrow their ideas and tastes to the dominant American school.

The Catalogue calls it a collection of "Christian Art." This is a misnomer, comparatively few of the pictures having their *motives* in Christianity. The greater part are portraits, always interesting in a psychological as well as technical sense, *genre* subjects, scenes from Flemish life, and the quasi landscape in vogue a century or two back. We have space to mention only one or two of those that deserve particular notice. The Mantegna, catalogued as an Andrea, but which seems to us his son Francesco's work, is a beautiful specimen of the Paduan pseudo-classical school in manner rather than motive. It is quite German in its elaboration of details, fine, firm handling and finish, and quaintness of expression. But the gem of the Gallery, one to us of priceless value, is the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Emmelink. This brilliant and delicate work displays the best features of the German school of the Van Eycks. Its elaborate finish, richness of detail, and precision of outline, are softened by an exquisite idealism, homely in one sense, as compared with the loftier Italian type of religious art, yet very captivating from its unobtrusive sincerity and holy feeling. It speaks more from the heart than the imagination. In its present exposed situation it cannot fail to be injured, if not finally destroyed. Why not protect its delicate surface with glass? David Teniers the younger is admirably represented. Nowhere is there to be seen a finer example of his naturalistic art and imaginative diabolism than in No. 141, "The Incantation." The qualities which have established his popular reputation are also to be noted in several other pictures, all in perfect



condition. They well deserve, as do more of this collection, a particular description, but we must pass on to the other gallery we have in view, calling attention, however, before we leave the Bryan pictures, to the low-toned, silvery-skyed, clear, Castilian landscape of Velasquez, with its clever hunting group, No. 168, as a rare specimen of this master.

The "Descriptive Catalogue" of Mr. Jarves's pictures represents a collection made in accordance with a definite idea and for a special object. In this respect it is perhaps unique, although a similar system of chronological sequence according to schools is now introduced into several European galleries. Mr. Jarves, however, started with the idea of tracing the development of Italian painting, from its revival in the thirteenth century to its final decadence in the seventeenth, with particular reference to the religious motives which inspired it. By so doing he judged that not merely an historical and technical exhibition could be formed, most useful to the amateur and student, but the psychological and æsthetical aspects of art could be seen in the precise order and quality of their development. Such a plan combines the museum with the gallery, and implies the acquisition of many examples for other reasons than mere mechanical excellence. So far as is practicable, every artist who contributed to the progress of painting, rising above the average of his contemporaries, or who was remarkable for specific traits, should be found in such a collection. Above all should we find those who may be termed representative artists, on account of their great genius and the new developments it led to in painting.

It would require an article by itself properly to criticise the paintings of this collection. We must be content with pointing out some of their general characteristics, with a suggestion as to a feasible means by which the project of their proprietor might be matured into a public gallery that would prove a unique and distinguishing feature of any city establishing it.

The earliest works date back to A. D. 1000. They are of Byzantine and Italian origin, archaic and rare, but showing in the first-named class traces of olden Grecian grace and dignity struggling for life amid the mysticisms of the new



theology. Italian art of that time was more dramatic in tendency than its rival, and far inferior in execution to the Byzantine. Both were exclusively religious, confined to illustrating the dogmas and traditions of the Church, sometimes with touching though rude simplicity, but more often so quaintly as to excite at first view, in modern minds, sentiments quite opposed to the real feeling which inspired their authors.

Giunta da Pisa and Cimabue are the pioneers of progress in Italian painting of the thirteenth century. They are admirably represented here, as well as their contemporary, Margaritone of Arezzo, whose altar-piece serves to show the starting-point from which sprung into existence the noblest school of painting the world has yet seen. In comparison with all who preceded him, Giotto comes to us as a revelation, a truly representative artist. Neither he nor his great scholars can be thoroughly appreciated outside of their frescos, although this collection suffices, so far as easel pictures can, to give their general characteristics of style, and to illustrate the motives which inspired both branches, the epic and lyric, of the noble school of religious art inaugurated by Giotto. It includes its most noteworthy names, as, for instance, Simone Martini, Gaddi, Orgagna, Sano di Pietro, Giottino, Laurati, and Fra Angelico, some of whose works, as shown in this collection, are as fine and precious examples of gold-background pictures in tempera, enshrined in the Gothic framework of their period, as can be found in any gallery in Europe. We discover, also, the delightful Gentile da Fabriano, Dello Delli, Paolo Ucello, Piero di Cosimo, and their pupils, with whom began landscape, historical, and illustrative art, and the study of animals. These men were conscientious students, animated by a lofty devotion to their profession, and in color and sentiment quite superior to the general tone of the prosaic naturalism of our day. We acknowledge their rudeness in the science of design and perspective, but no one can fail to note their earnestness, fidelity, and thoroughness, which permitted no slackness of hand or trickery of touch to conceal superficial work or reveal the impatience of indolence. What they did, they did knowingly and profoundly; and they sought not to conceal their ignorance by artistic affectations. Their speech is clear and beautiful, befitting their exalted topics.

The collection possesses an example of Masaccio's work, most precious and rare in the history of art; in his epoch his was as great a name as Leonardo's at a later period. Indeed, he was the founder of the historical and naturalistic schools, based upon a faithful study of nature, idealized in composition and character to the loftiest, purely human standard of thought and feeling. We are able to trace the scientific development of their art from him through a remarkable series of great men, — the Lippis, Botticelli, D. Ghirlandajo, Roselli, Matteo da Siena, Credi, Fra Bartolomeo, the Pollajuoli, and Verrochio, to Leonardo himself, in whom, although he preceded a little in point of time some of those named, culminated the entire strength of this band of artists. A single picture of Leonardo's establishes the reputation of a European gallery. Here we have one to our mind not only convincingly authenticated, but in better condition — having escaped both cleaner and restorer — than we usually find. Thus not a single link is wanting in the series that so admirably illustrate the Tuscan schools of this era, except Michel Angelo, who is beyond the hope even of any collector. One of his compositions appears, painted by Venusti, so it is conjectured, an able pupil of Buonarroti. Its tone and design indicate that master sufficiently well to give an idea of his manner. Luca Signorelli is finely presented, in a painting unsurpassed for its perfect condition and those grandiose and dramatic qualities which won the energetic commendation of Michel Angelo himself. Of the contemporaries of Raphael we find fair examples of Francia, Albertinelli, an exquisite *Lo Spagna*, Sodoma, and an injured fresco of Andrea del Sarto, lovely even in its ruins. Perugino is characteristically represented in a Baptism, with his curly-toed angels, and we have by the boy Raphael a charming specimen of his Umbrian manner, in a *Pieta*, done before he left Perugino's studio.

Excepting Titian and Tintoretto, — a great gap, — the Venetians show well, beginning with Bellini, Giorgione, and Basaiti, and coming down to Sebastian del Piombo, Paul Veronese, and Paris Bordone. Correggio is wanting, and perhaps ever will be to America. The later Bolognese school contributes examples of Guido, Domenichino, and Ludovico

Carracci, if it be correct to attribute to him that impressive, pathetic *Mater Dolorosa* (No. 141).

Outside of the Italian painters, there are examples of the Dutch, German, and Spanish schools, in Holbein, Rubens, Durer, Velasquez, and Murillo, which furnish points of contrast and comparison with each other and the schools of Italy. These may be regarded as the beginning of a series to illustrate the above-named schools on the same plan as the Italian. The portraits of the collection are exceedingly interesting. Among them are to be seen the heads of Cortez, Vespucci, Vittoria Colonna, Charles V., Cosmo de' Medici, and that of a lady, attributed to Cesare da Sesto, which, on account of its exquisite finish, fine modelling, and scientific handling, might plausibly be put down to Leonardo himself, instead of his chief pupil.

We have thus shown, by reference to the variety and value of this collection, and the system upon which it has been established, how valuable it may one day become, if retained in America, to the student of art, and for the cultivation of a more correct taste and a higher standard than now obtains among us. The Turin art-journal whose title is given at the heading of this article devotes several columns to remarks upon the Jarves Gallery. The article bears the initials of a distinguished professor of fine arts of one of the Royal Academies in Italy, and fully indorses, from personal examination, the importance, authenticity, and value of the collection, noticing the series as a whole, and criticising particularly, as of great rarity and esteem, even amid their own wealth of art, and as of special beauty, "due tavole di Giotto; una di Raffaello di maniera peruginesca; una di Luca Signorelli da Cortona, gran compositione di venti tre figure, rappresentante l'adorazione dei Magi, lavoro pregevolissimo per non essere stato mai assassinato da restauratori; una del Francia; una stupenda di Leonardo da Vinci, e soprattutto una di Gentile da Fabriano col nome del pittore, le cui opere sono estramamente rare,"—and more in this vein, regretting the while that Italy should lose them.

A collection which has borne, we are told, European criticism for years, in direct comparison with the works of established reputation in public galleries, and comes to this country



thus strongly indorsed, not to speak of the evidence it offers in itself to every mind alive to the worth and beauty of high art, should meet with a hospitable reception.

Were we to wait long enough, fashion and interest here, as in England, would provide galleries and means of instruction in art for the people. But the spirit which animates such efforts is too egotistical. Better is it by far that the people act for themselves, supplying their own demands for æsthetic enjoyment, after a manner which, while it offers to the taste a perpetual joy, stimulates the mind to enlarge its scope and deepen that sympathetic feeling and comprehension of genuine art, without which its appeals are as fruitless of life as water poured upon sand. To stop until some rich man shall bequeath the means to erect a monument to his memory, to be called his gallery of art, would be as unwise a thing as for the thirsty traveller to deny himself the water he could dip up in his gourd, because he had not a crystal goblet for that purpose. Leave egotism to do after its kind, but as far as possible free art from any motive in its support other than that which springs from perfect love and appreciation. The means already exist among us for a beginning of an institution which could in time grow to be the people's pride.

For immediate wants it would be sufficient to provide a suitable locality where such wealth of art as we possess could be got together in orderly shape, and opened freely to the public for a sum within the compass of the most moderate means. As the people grow into an appreciation of the value of art institutions, as schools of design and sources of elevated enjoyment and means of educating taste, they will as freely provide for their permanent support and growth as they do for the more common and prosaic branches of education. And that New England, especially, possesses the population calculated to sustain and enjoy such institutions, we have evidence in the progressively increasing interest awakened by every appeal to its sympathies and taste, and disposition for intellectual training of an elevated character.

In conclusion, we append a few statistics in regard to some of the principal galleries of Europe, as showing the sums of money periodically devoted to their increase, and the number of paintings each contains.



In the National Gallery, London, the average cost of recent acquisitions is about \$6,000 each. The largest sum expended for one painting was \$70,000, for the Pisani Veronese. The gallery now numbers about 700 paintings.

The Louvre boasts of nearly 2,000. Since the first Empire 217 have been added, at an expense of \$260,000, of which the Sebastiani Murillo alone cost \$125,000. Versailles has upwards of 3,000 paintings illustrating French history. The Gallery of Turin has 369 pictures, mostly repainted by one hand, and in consequence of comparatively little value. In the Uffizi, at Florence, there are 1,200; in the Pitti, nearly 500; and in the Belle Arti, about 300. The Vatican contains only 37 pictures, and the Capitol 225. In the Academies of Venice and Bologna, there are about 280 each; in that of the Brera, at Milan, 503; and at Naples, exclusive of those of ancient Greece and Rome, 700. The Pinacothek at Munich, of recent origin, already numbers 1,270, and the Berlin Gallery, still younger, has acquired 1,350 paintings. Vienna (the Belvidere) has 1,300 and upwards, and Madrid about 1,900. The Dresden Gallery outnumbers all the others, exceeding 2,000. At Amsterdam there are 386; at the Hague, 304; Antwerp has 387; and Brussels, 400. Some of the private galleries of Europe in number and value excel the public. The Borghese has 526 pictures; the Sciarra has few, but choice; the Bridgewater Gallery counts 318; the Duke of Sutherland's, 323; the Grosvenor Gallery, 157; and that of the Marquis of Exeter, upwards of 600. Lord Dudley's (formerly Ward) is one of the most choice and valuable in London.

This list could be indefinitely extended, for there is scarcely a city of repute in Europe which has not public or private galleries of established reputation, examples for us to follow, not only for our æsthetic satisfaction, but as investments materially contributing to the prosperity of their respective cities, by the numberless travellers they attract. The city of America which first possesses a fine gallery of art will become the Florence of this continent in that respect, and it will reap a reward in reputation and moneyed returns sufficient to convince the closest calculator of the dollar that no better investment could have been made.

## ART. IV. — DR. STANLEY AND ARIUS.

*Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church, with an Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D. D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ's Church. London. 1861. 8vo. pp. 508.

THIS volume has been already noticed in our pages,\* and we wish not to retract anything we have said of Dr. Stanley's animated and glowing style and power of picturesque description. These are his great merits. The work is not a continued narrative; but topics having very little connection with each other have been selected from the great field of ecclesiastical history, apparently for no other reason than that they can be clothed with interest, and are susceptible of the heightenings of a brilliant rhetoric. Whatever may be the writer's faults, he is not chargeable with the unpardonable sin of dullness. He is not a dry writer; he is anything but that. But we do not propose to write an encomiastic article on his book, or indulge in any strain of enthusiastic admiration. Its merits have been so well set forth in the notice to which we have already referred, that we shall at present only attempt to point out some of its defects.

We do not find fault with its fragmentary character, or complain of the author's selection of topics. Doubtless he knows best what he is capable of, where his strength lies, and what he can most successfully accomplish. And we heartily thank him for his very attractive book. We only wish that he had sometimes been a little more careful of his statements, and shown a little more discrimination and a more kind and just appreciation of character. We are aware that the charges here implied are of a somewhat grave character, and we shall proceed to substantiate them by an examination of portions of his volume.

His worst offence, we think, is his treatment of the person and character of Arius. We confess to strong sympathies with

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\* Christian Examiner for November, 1861.

the down-trodden and persecuted, and would see justice done them. Especially would we vindicate them against the attempt to connect with their names and memory associations of a ludicrous or degrading character.

Dr. Stanley's description of the person of the Alexandrian heretic may be pronounced a bold caricature, or an unscrupulous fiction. We will quote two passages. In the first he says:—

“In appearance he is the very opposite of Athanasius. He is sixty years of age, very tall and thin, and apparently unable to support his stature; he has an odd way of contorting and twisting himself, which his enemies compare to the wriggling of a snake.\* He would be handsome but for the emaciation and deadly pallor of his face, and a downcast look, imparted by a weakness of eyesight. At times his veins throb and swell, and his limbs tremble, as if suffering from some violent internal complaint,—the same, perhaps, that will terminate one day in his sudden and frightful death. There is a wild look about him which at first sight is startling. His dress and demeanor are those of a rigid ascetic. He wears a long coat with short sleeves, and a scarf of only half size, such as was the mark of an austere life; and his hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head. He is usually silent, but at times breaks out into fierce excitement, such as will give the impression of madness. Yet, with all this, there is a sweetness in his voice, and a winning, earnest manner, which fascinates those who come across him. . . . This strange, captivating, moonstruck giant is the heretic Arius,—or, as his adversaries called him, the madman of Ares, or Mars.”—pp. 115, 116.

The only authorities produced for this strange picture, as given below, are Epiphanius, and the letter ascribed to Constantine in Gelasius of Cyzicus.

Now we do not think that these authorities, to whatever respect they may be entitled as historical documents, (of this we shall speak presently,) justify Dr. Stanley's description; certainly not all parts of it. Dr. Stanley sometimes writes for effect; he wants calmness and repose,—the old Greek repose. He exaggerates, he intensifies, he distorts. In the present

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case he seems to have started with the intention of making the portrait of Arius as grotesque as possible. A few such phrases as "moonstruck giant," artfully thrown in, tell in the portraiture. But, passing over these embellishments, drawn from imagination, what shall we say of the authorities themselves? They are such, we believe, one of them at least, as no writer of reputation or standing, however inimical to the memory of the heretic of Alexandria, has ventured to use as furnishing altogether authentic materials for a description of his personal qualities and habits. Of the two, Epiphanius is the more trustworthy, and the part of the description taken from him is the least exceptionable. Yet Epiphanius, who was Bishop of Constantia, in Cyprus, and who wrote in the latter part of the fourth century, some years after the death of the great heresiarch, was narrow, bigoted, and violent, and was especially hostile to the Arians. His authority has always been regarded with suspicion by writers on ecclesiastical history. Mosheim imputes to him "credulity and ignorance." Dr. Murdock in a note adds: "His learning was great, his judgment rash, and his credulity and mistakes very abundant."\* The learned Jortin had no better opinion of him;† and Cave pronounces him "too credulous," and wanting in accuracy.‡ Du Pin says that he had "much reading and learning, but no faculty of discerning, nor exactness of judgment"; that he was "very credulous, and not very accurate"; that he is "mistaken in many places about very considerable matters in history"; that he "gave credit too lightly to false memoirs, or to uncertain reports."§ "He was," says Smith, in his *Greek and Roman Biography*, "without critical or logical power, . . . . of a very bigoted and dogmatical turn of mind." Neander mentions the "little reliance" that "can be placed on his authority." "Educated among the Egyptian monks," he says that "he had a narrow intellectual culture," was "quite deficient in criticism," and was "as excitable as he was credulous."||

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\* Murdock's Mosheim, I. 293, ed. New Haven, 1832.

† Remarks on Eccles. Hist., III. 47, ed. Lond. 1805.

‡ *Historia Literaria*, I. 232, ed. Ox. 1740.

§ New Hist. Eccles. Writers, II. 239, Lond. 1693.

|| Hist., I. 696; and II. 680, 686, ed. Tor.



Such is one of Dr. Stanley's authorities, and the better of the two. His other authority is Gelasius of Cyzicus, a worthless writer near the end of the fifth century. He left a work called "The Acts of the First Council," compiled in part, as he says, from an old manuscript on parchment found in his father's house. Parts of it Cave believed to be "pure inventions," either of Gelasius himself, or of the author of the old manuscript.\* Du Pin asserts that large portions of it are "either dubious or manifestly false," — "a mere fiction." It has been published in several editions of the Acts of Councils. Du Pin recommends that it should be omitted in future editions, as a work of no authority.† Moreri thought no better of it. The learned Tillemont speaks very contemptuously of the work of Gelasius on the "Acts of the Council of Nice." "There is a good deal of probability," he says, "that there never were any written." As for Gelasius's work, he says it is "nothing but a jumble of what he took from Eusebius, Rufinus, and other ecclesiastical authors," mixed up with something of his own, which he inserts "without giving us any notice of it." The rest, he adds, consists of several "letters, speeches, or disputes," which "are by no means received as authentic, and they are not thought very strongly supported when they stand only on the testimony of this author."‡

The work was originally in three books. It has been asserted that the third, which consisted of letters ascribed to Constantine, is lost. Of this opinion are Cave and Gieseler. In what now purports to be the third book, however, there are three such letters, the genuineness of which is more than doubtful. How any one can attribute the least weight to that used as an authority by Dr. Stanley, without any intimation at the time that it is of questionable genuineness, exceeds our power of comprehension. Even the Oxford translator of several pieces contained in the "Library of the Fathers," a work evidently used by Dr. Stanley, feels obliged to explain. "It is possible," says he, "that Constantine is only declaiming, for

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\* *Historia Literaria*, I. 454.

† *Tom. III. Part 2.*

‡ *Hist. Council of Nice*, appended to his *History of the Arians*, sec. 20, and note 24.

his whole invective is like a school exercise or fancy composition. Constantine, too, had not seen Arius at the time of this invective, which was prior to the Nicene Council.\* It is very improbable that Constantine should have been the writer of such an invective. Regarded as a mere school-boy "declamation," it is certainly in very bad taste. But it was to Dr. Stanley's purpose, as, with a little aid from imagination, it furnished colors for his marvellous portrait.

We now give the other part of Dr. Stanley's description. In the Council,

"Athanasius was his chief opponent. It was now, apparently, that the Council first heard of the songs which Arius had written, under the name of Thalia,† for the sake of popularizing his speculations with the lower orders. The songs were set to tunes or written in metres, which had acquired a questionable reputation from their use in the licentious verses of the heathen poet Sotades, ordinarily used in the low revels or dances of Alexandria; and the grave Arius himself is said, in moments of wild excitement, to have danced like an Eastern dervish, whilst he sang those abstract statements in long straggling lines, of which about twenty are preserved to us."‡ — pp. 152, 153.

The part to which we particularly object in this passage is that which relates to Arius's "wild excitement, and his dancing like an Eastern dervish," while his own "straggling lines" were sung. All very graphic, no doubt, and not without an element of the ludicrous. Arius is made to appear very ridiculous, when we recollect what has been just said of his person and costume, his age, his long, lank limbs, seemingly unable to support his tall "stature," his "odd way of contorting and twisting himself," his serpent "wrigglings," his "emaciation and deadly pallor," his downcast visage, his throbbing and swelling veins and his tremors, his "wild look," so "startling," his "hair hanging like a tangled mass over his head," his "long coat with short sleeves," — with all this, "dancing like an Eastern dervish." Very ludicrous, to be

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\* Select Treatises of Athanasius, translated by Newman, p. 183, note.

† Soc. I. 9. 29. Apollinarius did the same. His songs were sung at banquets, and at work, and by women weaving. Soz. VI. 25. (Stanley's note.)

‡ Ath. Or. c. Ar. I. 4.

sure! Was the picture intended by the writer to make the heresiarch ridiculous?

But what authority is there for this "wild excitement" and dancing imputed to him? Only a somewhat obscure expression of Athanasius, which justifies nothing of the sort. Dr. Stanley appeals to his first oration against the Arians, section fourth. We will give the whole passage, and, to avoid the charge of partiality we will present it in the Oxford translation (Newman's). Athanasius speaks of Arius's "Thalias," called "a new wisdom." He proceeds: "Whereas, many have written many treatises and abundant homilies upon the Old Testament and the New, yet in none of them is a Thalia found, nay, not among the more respectable of the Gentiles, but among those only who sing such strains over their cups, amid cheers and jokes, when men are merry, that the rest may laugh; till this marvellous Arius, taking no grave pattern, and ignorant even of what is respectable, while he stole largely from other heretics, would be original in the ludicrous, with none but Sotades for his rival. For what beseemed him more, when he would dance forth against the Saviour, than to throw his words of irreligion into dissolute and abandoned metres."\*

This, it will be recollected, is the account of Athanasius, who, by his own confession, "hated" Arius, for he was as good a hater as Dr. Johnson. It bears marks of a hostile hand. Yet there is nothing here which authorizes Dr. Stanley's assertion, "The grave Arius himself is said, in moments of wild excitement, to have danced like an Eastern dervish." Athanasius, as just said, betrays a hostile hand; but Dr. Stanley goes far beyond him. The Alexandrian prelate is severe; he indulges in bitter invective; but, as we read him, he does not attempt to make Arius ridiculous, by introducing him dancing in this wild way. This was left for the Regius Professor of Oxford, who seems to have thought the subject a fit one for the exercise of his talent for ludicrous description.

It is not clear from Athanasius's account that Arius himself danced at all. Whether the choric dance formed part of the

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\* Oxford Library of the Fathers, Vol. VIII. p. 182.



religion of the old Alexandrian Christians, in imitation of the Hebrews, we are not prepared to say. It is worthy of notice that the Greek word used by Athanasius is the same which occurs in the Septuagint, where David is represented as dancing "before the Lord," on occasion of bringing the ark to the tabernacle. The dance, too, was practised, as a part of sacred worship, at the national festivals of the Jews, and on other occasions of religious interest, as history informs us. It is barely possible that something of the kind may have taken place among the Christians of Alexandria, being borrowed from the Jews, many of whom had long resided in Egypt, and especially at Alexandria, the home of Philo, the dance being accompanied with song. If so, this may be what Athanasius refers to, when he speaks of Arius as adapting his verses to the light measure used by the Egyptians on festal occasions. Arius might or might not have joined in the dance, but if he was half as infirm as Dr. Stanley's description makes him, he would hardly be expected to dance with the animation and "wild excitement" of an "Eastern dervish." This is all fiction.\*

There are other parts of Dr. Stanley's description which are open to criticism. He speaks, in our first extract, of this "moonstruck giant." Now, to say nothing on the question whether a man so excessively thin and emaciated, his limbs scarcely able to support his height (which, however, is not represented as excessive, it being said only that he was "very tall"), can with propriety be called a "giant," what are we to make of "moonstruck"? Arius was no lunatic. He is

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\* Dr. Milman defends Arius in the matter of the Sotadic measure, and refers to a "celebrated modern humorist and preacher," who "adapted hymns to some of the most popular airs, and declared that the Devil ought not to have all the best tunes." (*Hist. Christ.*, p. 314.) As to the songs of Arius, we have suggested the bare possibility that they were intended for religious dances. This is very improbable, however. We are expressly told by the historian, that they were written for mariners, for those who worked at the mill, or who were travelling. (*Philostorg.*, II. 2.) Nothing is said about religious dances like those of Miriam, David, or any other referred to in the Old Testament or the New; nor does the language of Athanasius, "when he would dance forth against the Saviour," whatever may be its meaning, necessarily imply it. To make a demonstration, or set forth words, "against the Saviour," that is, against the orthodox doctrines, may be, probably is, all which was meant.

not presented to us in history as a fanatic, or crazy enthusiast; he is described as remarkably sober, distinguished rather by his dialectic skill than for his ardor. All accounts make him an accomplished dialectician, the very opposite of "moonstruck." He is characterized as relying too much on the hard logic of the understanding. Mosheim says that he was a "man of an acute mind and fluent"; Gieseler speaks of his "love of clearness and precision," acquired in the "historico-critical school of Lucian"; and Neander tells us that he "placed the free grammatical interpretation of the Bible at the basis of his doctrinal system"; in him a "tendency to narrow conceptions of the understanding, exclusive of the intuitive faculty, predominated"; he had a "strong predilection for logical clearness and intelligibility." Socrates, the historian, gives him credit for "logical acumen"; and Sozomen says that he was a "most expert logician." All this makes him a clear-headed and close reasoner, whom one would hardly expect to hear characterized as "moonstruck." From a scholar of Dr. Stanley's reputation, one would look for more discrimination.

The qualities of the serpent attributed to Arius by his enemies refer mainly, we conceive, rather to his skill in dialectics than to his person. The charge brought against him was, that he could shift his argument "up and down," elude or refute objections, or seemingly refute them; could twist and turn, and so escape the toils of his antagonists. His adversaries ascribed to him the venom, as well as the craft, of the serpent. The Devil infused this venom into his veins, they said, poisoning all the fountains of his intellectual life. This is only an example of the *odium theologicum*. It is easy to apply abusive epithets; easier to pronounce opinions impious, than to prove their falsehood. So it was in the case of Arius. His opinions were denounced as blasphemous by those who were perplexed by his logic, and he himself was called an emissary of Satan, who used him as his instrument. But he was not in person the "crooked serpent," as Dr. Stanley describes him, any more than in mind. The ladies of Alexandria did not fly from him. Devout women there, to the number of seven hundred at least, evidently occupying a reputable position, and a

fair proportion of them, we may presume, possessing intellectual culture, became his followers; and nothing, as we are told by the old writers, — no argument and no menace, no dread of church censures, — could induce them to renounce him or his doctrines.

We will place by the side of Dr. Stanley's portrait of Arius two others, by learned men in modern times, who had access to all the documents used by the Oxford Professor; but with what different optics they scrutinized them our readers shall judge. It is but just to state that they are not portraits drawn by Arians. The first is taken from Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, London, who, after observing that Arius was "a presbyter of acute powers of reasoning, popular address, and blameless character," who, "it was said, had declined the episcopal dignity" in the metropolis of Egypt, adds: —

"The person of Arius was tall and graceful; his countenance calm, pale, and subdued; his manners engaging; his conversation fluent and persuasive. He was well acquainted with human sciences; as a disputant, subtle, ingenious, and fertile in resources. His enemies add to this character, which themselves have preserved, that this humble and mortified exterior concealed unmeasured ambition; that his simplicity, frankness, and honesty only veiled his craft and love of intrigue; that he appeared to stand aloof from all party merely that he might guide his cabal with more perfect command, and agitate and govern the hearts of men." \*

This, it must be recollected, was, according to Dr. Milman, the construction which his enemies put on his conduct and motives.

The other portraiture is from Maimbourg, a Catholic writer of the seventeenth century, who was as fond of pictorial composition as the Regius Professor, though not so skilful an artist. We had prepared a translation of the passage, but finding that it had already been rendered into English by Rev. George Waddington, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, etc., and inserted in his "History of the Church," we, for obvious reasons, prefer to give his version. Maimbourg, says Mr. Waddington, very justly, "has seldom treated either Arius

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\* Hist. Christ., pp. 313, 314, ed. N. Y.



or his followers with any show of candor or justice"; he cannot therefore be suspected of partiality in this case. He says:—

"Arius made use of the advantages he was master of by art and nature, to gain the people; for it is certain that he had a great many talents which rendered him capable of nicely insinuating himself into their good opinion and affections. He was tall of stature, and of a very becoming make, grave and serious in his carriage, with a certain air of severity in his looks, which made him pass for a man of great virtue and austerity of life. Yet this severity did not discourage those who accosted him, because it was softened by an extraordinary delicacy in his features that gave lustre to his whole person, and had something in it so sweet and engaging, as was not easily to be resisted. His garb was modest, but withal neat, and such as was usually worn by those who were men of quality as well as learning. His manner of receiving people was very courteous, and very ingratiating through his agreeable way of entertaining those who came to him upon any occasion. In short, notwithstanding his mighty [great] seriousness, and the severity and strictness of his mien, he perfectly understood how to soothe and flatter, with all imaginable wit and address, those whom he had a mind to bring over to his opinion and engage in his party." \*

Again the portrait of an enemy; but here is no "moon-struck giant," no "wriggling of a snake," no "wild excitement," no dancing like an "Eastern dervish."

Both these writers, as we perceive, impute faults and imperfections to Arius, — give the shady as well as the sunny side, — the shady as it presented itself to the minds of his enemies; but there is nothing of the grossness, or disposition to make the heresiarch contemptible or ridiculous, which many will detect in Dr. Stanley, but of which, very possibly, he may himself have been unconscious. However this may be, the result is unfortunate for his reputation for fairness and justice. A writer who is capable of sacrificing so much to dazzling periods and picturesque effect cannot enjoy our highest confidence. A graphic style is not everything; historic truth is more precious and venerable.

Dr. Stanley very properly notices the bitterness of Athanasius, "the founder of Orthodoxy," against the Arians. He gives an amusing list of his favorite epithets for them. They are,

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† Maimbourg, *Histoire de l'Arianisme*, Tom. I. p. 20. Waddington, p. 94.

"devils, Antichrists, maniacs, dogs, wolves, lions, hares, chameleons, hydras, eels, cuttle-fish, gnats, beetles, leeches." Such names passed for arguments.

In his *History of the Council of Nice*, Dr. Stanley has made some use of legendary materials. Whether on so grave a matter of history it is in perfectly good taste so to mix up fact with fiction, is a point we shall not stop to discuss. Some may think that the line between history and fable should be more sharply drawn, and that the comic element should be excluded. For ourselves, we are willing the author should indulge his propensity to comedy and broad humor to the utmost, if he will make horses and sheep, and not the unfortunate Arius, the subject of them. In itself we see no harm in the story about the "old shepherd Spyridion," Bishop of Cyprus, to whom many miracles were attributed. The author has already told the story of the "sheep-stealers," and now gives us that of the horses. We will present the legend in Dr. Stanley's own words. Spyridion with his companions is on his way to the Council of Nice.

"One night, he, with a cavalcade of Orthodox bishops, arrived at a caravansarai, where, as it so chanced, a party of Arians were assembled also on their way to Nicæa. The Arians determined to seize this opportunity of intercepting the further progress of so formidable an accession to their rivals. Accordingly, in the dead of night, they cut off the heads of all the horses belonging to Spyridion and his companions. When, as is the custom in Oriental journeying, the travellers rose to start before break of day, the Orthodox bishops were dismayed at the discovery of what had befallen their steeds. A word from Spyridion, however, was sufficient to rectify the difficulty. He replaced the decapitated heads, and his party proceeded on their journey. When day broke they found that the miracle, performed in the dark and in haste, had restored the heads at random; black heads to white shoulders, white heads to black shoulders; in short, a caravan of piebald horses." — pp. 125, 126.

Dr. Stanley has appropriated two hundred and fifty pages, composed in his usual style, to the Council of Nice, and has produced a very lively narration, in parts quite entertaining, which is a good deal to affirm of a writing on such a subject. In the general arrangement of his topics, he reminds one of

Tillemont. But here the resemblance ends. Their two styles present a wonderful contrast. Nothing can exceed in minuteness and evidence of patient research Tillemont's *History of the Council of Nice, and of the Arians*. No authority, however obscure, escapes him. "Perhaps," says one, "no historian ever omitted less, or related more, that was to the purpose." His manner of writing history, however, is peculiar. He does not give a continuous narrative in his own words, but from all ancient writers who touch on the subject, and all modern ones of any note, he collects and arranges in its proper order what has been said to the point, enclosing what he adds of his own in brackets. This method precludes, of course, all animated narration or description, and gave occasion, at the time, for the remark that Tillemont might "not be so bright and sparkling as some other authors," the truth of which no one will think of questioning. But this method has one advantage; it gives the reader the original authorities, and their testimony in their own words, of the value of which he must judge for himself.

Tillemont is very bitter against the Arians; but he is conscientious and impartial, and we believe that his citations may be implicitly relied on as accurate. His *History of the Council of Nice* is not graphic, as is Dr. Stanley's; it is the opposite, — it is minute and dry; but it presents materials of which more "bright and sparkling" writers may with advantage avail themselves. He first, as does Dr. Stanley, groups the bishops, both Orthodox and Arian, "following the order of the Provinces which is observed in the subscription to the Council."

"Of these holy prelates," he says, "some were eminent for the wisdom of their discourse, others for the severity of their lives and patience under afflictions, and some again for their prudent moderation. There were many of them who were adorned with Apostolic graces, and many who, as the Apostle says, bore in their bodies marks of the sufferings of Jesus Christ. Some of them were maimed in both their hands for Jesus Christ, as we observed of St. Paul of Neocæsarea; others, as St. Paphnutius, whose hams were burnt; others who had their right eye pulled out, as this same saint. In a word, there was a great number of confessors, and a whole multitude of martyrs. There was



to be seen assembled in one church all that the churches of Europe, Africa, and Asia could boast of as most considerable, and all the shining lights of the world." \*

Tillemont then describes the circumstances of the assembling of the Council, the entrance of the Emperor Constantine, the disputes, the proceedings relating to the forming of the creed, and the result, with an account of the decrees and canons. To the whole are appended the history of Paphnutius and his speech on celibacy. This Tillemont gives as a "story" taken from the historians, that is, Socrates and Sozomen. He does not vouch for its truth. Of that, he says, he leaves others to judge. It "is what we find in history," he says; and he adds some testimony to show that the story is apocryphal.†

We then have an account of the "disputes of the philosophers with the prelates," in which occurs the famous story of the "holy old man," — a bishop, say some, a laic, say others, — "a man of unaffected simplicity, and as ignorant as he could be" as to all worldly knowledge. His speech is given, by which, it is said, he silenced and converted one of the philosophers, a feat which passed for something miraculous. The name of the saint is not given. Baronius thinks it was St. Spyridion; but to this there are objections. Eulogius has been given as the name of the philosopher, but on no good authority. Historians differ in their account of the dispute, and the whole is involved in uncertainty.‡

We do not commend Tillemont's style. As to that of Dr. Stanley, we should be at once set down as heretics, we suppose, should we so much as venture to hint that it has a fault; and yet we are not perfectly sure that on subjects of this kind the more simple and quiet manner of Dr. Milman is not preferable, apart even from the temptations to unfaithfulness which beset a writer who adopts a more pretentious and sparkling style, and must fill his pages with a succession of high-toned pictures. This, however, is a reflection which sug

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\* Tillemont's *Hist. Coun. Nice*, tr. by Thomas Deacon, Sec. 5. Lond. 1732.

† *Ibid.*, Sec. 17, and note 20.

‡ *Ibid.*, Sec. 18.

gests itself only after we have laid down Dr. Stanley's volume, and the mind has had time to recover itself, and return to its sober mood. While reading, we are so dazzled by the author's brilliant rhetoric, that we are, for the moment, not disposed to criticise. We must except, however, the passages relating to Arius, which must be read with sorrow, and a feeling little short of indignation, we think, by every honest mind not warped by theological prejudice.

As to the authorities for the portrait of Arius, we will here add, that, in another part of the volume, and in another connection, Dr. Stanley intimates that there may be some question of the genuineness of the letter ascribed to Constantine, now found in the third book of Gelasius. He says that "Constantine, *if the letter be really his*, condescended to an invective against him [Arius], mixed in almost equal proportions of puns on his name, of jests on his personal appearance, of eager attacks upon his doctrine, and of supposed prophecies against him in the Sibylline books." \* Excellent! Yet this is precisely the document on which half the objectionable part of Dr. Stanley's description of Arius is founded,—a letter, by his own intimation, of doubtful authorship, dealing in "puns on Arius's name and jests on his personal appearance." Why did it not occur to the Doctor to express some doubt of the trustworthiness of the letter at the time he was using it in making up the description referred to? After all, however, he appears to have no settled opinion on the subject of its genuineness. Thus, in a note appended to the passage just quoted, he seems inclined to take back what he has said on the doubtful authorship of the foolish or wicked letter. He quotes a short passage from Socrates, and adds, that it "confirms the genuineness of the Emperor's letter; gives some explanation of it as a *mere ironical and rhetorical display*, and shows that it was written *after* the Council," and not *before*, as Newman, and, we may add, the Prince de Broglie, with more reason, we think, assert.† The application of the quotation from Socrates, however, is merely conjectural, so far as relates to this particular letter. All this does not, so far as we can see, help the matter. As

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\* Pages 171, 172.

† L'Église et l'Empire Romain, I. 388.

long as the passages we have extracted are allowed to stand in the text, without any intimation of the suspicious character of the sources whence they were drawn, or as long as they are allowed to stand at all as an authentic description of Arius, the writer, we conceive, is chargeable with gross injustice to the heresiarch, and with holding very loose notions of the responsibilities of an historian.

We are glad to have done with fault-finding; and, having said thus much of the one great blemish of Dr. Stanley's book, we will afford our readers the pleasure of a few extracts in a different strain. The following is well said. Speaking of the "Arian sect," Dr. Stanley observes:—

"For three hundred years after the date of its origin it represented considerable power, both political and religious; and this not only in the Eastern regions of its birth, but in our own Western and Teutonic nations. The whole of the vast Gothic population which descended on the Roman Empire, so far as it was Christian at all, held to the faith of the Alexandrian heretic. Our first Teutonic version of the Scriptures was by an Arian missionary, Ulfilas. The first conqueror of Rome, Alaric, the first conqueror of Africa, Genseric, were Arians. Theodoric the Great, king of Italy, and hero of the Nibelungen Lied, was an Arian. The vacant place in his massive tomb at Ravenna is a witness of the vengeance which the Orthodox took on his memory, when on their triumph they tore down the porphyry vase in which his Arian subjects had enshrined his ashes. The ferocious Lombards were Arians till they began to be won over by their queen, Theodelinda, at the close of the sixth century. But the most remarkable strongholds of Arianism were the Gothic kingdoms of Spain and Southern France. In France it needed all the power of Clovis, the one orthodox chief of the barbarian nations, to crush it on the plains of Poitiers. In Spain, it expired only in the sixth century, where it was renounced by King Recared in the basilica of Toledo."—pp. 71, 72.

"Still, the fundamental principle of the old Arianism, as separated from the logical form and the political organization which it assumed, has hardly ever departed from the Church. It has penetrated where we least expected to find it. The theological opinions of many who have thought themselves, and been thought by others, most orthodox, have been deeply colored by the most conspicuous tendencies of the doctrine of Arius. Often men have been attacked as heretics, only because they agreed too closely with the doctrine of Athanasius. 'In-



gemuit orbis et miratus est se esse Arianum,' is a process which has been strangely repeated, more than once, in the course of ecclesiastical history." — p. 74.

Of the word *consubstantial* Dr. Stanley says: —

"The history of the word is full of strange vicissitudes. It was born and nurtured, if not in the home, at least on the threshold of heresy. It first distinctly appeared in the works of Origen, then for a moment acquired a more orthodox reputation in the writings of Dionysius and Theognostus of Alexandria; then it was colored with a dark shade by association with the teaching of Manes; next proposed as a test of orthodoxy at the Council of Antioch against Paul of Samosata, and then by that same Council was condemned as Sabellian." — p. 159.

From pages 173–175 of Dr. Stanley's work may be gathered the following interesting summary. It is certain that the Nicene Creed was "meant to be an end of theological controversy." "The Council of Sardica declared that it was amply sufficient, and that no second creed should ever appear." The next General Council, that of Constantinople, in 381, "did not venture to do more than recite the original creed of Nicæa." "The Council of Ephesus showed its sense of the finality of the Nicene Creed still more strongly," decreeing that "henceforward no one should propose, or write, or compose any other creed than that defined by the fathers in the city of Nicæa." "It was not till the next Council, the Fourth General Council, at Chalcedon, A. D. 431, that the original exclusive supremacy of the old Nicene Creed was impaired. Then for the first time, amid much remonstrance, the additions of Constantinople [that is, which there made their appearance, but were not drawn up by the Council] were formally acknowledged, and the enlarged creed, in its present form, was received, though not as superseding the original creed of the First Council, with a protest against any further changes."

The idea of putting a stop to creed-making! If, as Dr. Stanley informs us, the creed still recited by some Eastern sects is "that of Nicæa alone," the fact shows a persistency of ideas and character quite noteworthy. Whether or not it is well to remain thus firmly moored to the past, is a question

on which people may differ in opinion. It would have been better to have stopped with the Apostles' Creed, so called; better still, to have been content with the confession of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

The idea of calling the Athanasian Creed a "hymn" may strike some persons as singular. Dr. Stanley speaks of it as "the ancient hymn, 'Quicumque vult,' which throughout the Middle Ages, and by our own reformers, was believed to be the creed of Athanasius." He adds: "The learned world is now aware that it is of French or Spanish origin. It not only contains words and phrases which to Athanasius were unknown, but it distinctly, and from the first, asserted the doctrine of the Double Procession of the Spirit, which never occurs in the writings of Athanasius, and which, in all probability, he would have repudiated, with his Oriental brethren of later times." In a note to this passage, Dr. Stanley says: "It has, indeed, in later times, found its way into the Psalters both of Greece and Russia, though not of the remoter East."\*

Its triumphs, it seems, have been mostly in the West. In one of the Tracts issued a few years ago from Dr. Stanley's own University (Oxford), called "Tracts for the Times" (No. 75), the writer speaks of the "Psalm Quicumque, commonly called the Athanasian Creed." He says that to "consider it a psalm or hymn of praise, and of concurrence in God's appointments," is a "far truer view" than "as a formal creed." He asserts, moreover, that, "by using it weekly, its living character and spirit are incorporated into the Christian's devotions, and its influence on the heart as far as may be secured. The time too," he adds, "should be observed, the dawn of the first day of the week." A good beginning, truly. We shall not dispute the writer's taste, and only hint at the sweet and charitable tone into which the feelings must be put for the week. We should prefer, however, the views of the "remoter East," or of old Athanasius himself.

We conclude with observing that the flippant and disparaging tone in which Arius is now sometimes spoken of receives no sanction from such writers as Milman and Neander. Dr.

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\* Pages 290, 291.

Milman speaks of him with uniform kindness, and treats his memory with respect, vindicating him, as we have seen, from some of the charges brought against him by his enemies, and noticing the indecent manner in which Athanasius exults over his death. "His hollow charity," says the historian, "ill disguises his secret triumph." Among the Syrian bishops, he says, "the most learned, the most pious, the most influential, united themselves with his [Arius's] party." \*

Neander says, that Arius was "animated by a sincere zeal for what he acknowledges as true," — that he "advocated an intelligent supernaturalism," though with a "rationalistic tendency," — that he "intended by no means to lower the dignity of Christ," — that he was "intending simply to defend the old doctrine of the Church concerning the Trinity against Sabellian and Gnostic opinions, and to exhibit it in a consistent manner." † Neander utters no sneer; on the contrary, he finds a great deal in the heresiarch which is to his credit, and reflects honor on his memory.

The morals of Arius must have been irreproachable. Had it been otherwise, his sharp-sighted enemies, we may be sure, would have proclaimed the fact to the world. He was Presbyter of the oldest parish church in Alexandria. "It contained," says Dr. Stanley, "the tomb of St. Mark, and in it took place the election of the Patriarch. It stood near the sea-shore, on a spot which derived its name (Boucalia) from the pasturage of cattle."

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\* Hist. of Christ., pp. 314, 321.

† Hist., I. 362-365. Dogm., 264, 286.



## ART. V. — SCHLOSSER AND HIS HISTORIES.

1. FRIEDRICH CHRISTOPH SCHLOSSER's *Weltgeschichte für das deutsche Volk. Unter Mitwirkung des Verfassers bearbeitet von G. L. KRIEGK.* Frankfurt-am-Main. Varrentrapp's Verlags-Expedition. 1848 – 1852.
2. *Geschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts und des neunzehnten bis zum Sturz des französischen Kaiserreichs. Mit besonderer Rücksicht auf geistige Bildung.* Von F. C. SCHLOSSER. Vierte durchaus verbesserte Auflage. Heidelberg, akademische Verlags-handlung von J. C. B. Mohr. 1853 – 1860. 8 Bände.

FRIEDRICH CHRISTOPH SCHLOSSER was born in the town of Jever, in the duchy of Oldenburg, by the shores of the North Sea, on the 17th of November, 1776. He died in Heidelberg on the 23d of September, 1861, at the great age of nearly eighty-five. A vigorous understanding, applied steadily, with honesty, with enthusiasm, to the pursuit of knowledge, and the spread of it, must have achieved results, during a career so prolonged, worth giving a moment to recall and consider. Early plunged among books, the sphere of Schlosser's activity was determined for life; and with a wise appreciation of his powers, not always found among men of great natural ability, he never left it, and the last hours found him at the same work with which the first were busy. The period during which he grew to maturity was one of violent and terrible revolution. With a convulsive effort the minds of men were breaking away from the iron trammels of the past; human nature, political and social, was struggling to assert its dignity and recover its rights, — and, wild with the excitement of success, men failed to recognize the limits or observe the order in which a healthy development of society is possible. The influences of that age of scepticism and aggression are obvious in the character of Schlosser's writings. His life spanned the two periods of revolution and reaction which make up the history of Europe for the last hundred years. But his character, formed in the earlier, refused to alter for the later period. Hence he was the representative of another tendency than that of our days. Like the great, towering oak, rooted deep

in the ground, he could not sway with the winds to any quarter, but, stern, erect, vigorous, and healthy, remained where he was planted, a monument and a refuge.

His father, an attorney, died when he was but a few years old, leaving him the youngest of twelve children. His mother, a native of Friesland, who spoke only Low German, died in his fifteenth year. His earliest years were spent with his aunt, a rich widow, in the little town of Fedderwarden, near Jever, and he received there his first instruction in the village school. He attended next the Latin School at Jever, where in a couple of years his omnivorous reading exhausted all the resources within his reach. The prevailing characteristic of his mind exhibited itself even at this early period. He made no extracts from books, as the fashion of the day was, but struggled always for a thorough understanding of the spirit of what he read, — for an insight, clear and large, into the causes and events which determine and signalize the changing phases of human history. At first intending to become a clergyman at Jever, he went to Göttingen, in 1794, to study theology. But a mind so exhaustive in its method could not be contented within the narrow limits of theological inquiry. History, physics, mathematics, belles-lettres, Italian, Spanish, English, formed the subjects of his study and his thought, while he listened to the lectures of Eichhorn and Spittler, Schlözer and Blumenbach, Heine and Heeren, and the rest of the great masters of the departing century whose memory still consecrates Göttingen. At the end of his triennium, rich in knowledge, but of empty purse, he took to the work of teaching for support. For the following ten years he was a private tutor, at first in the family of Count Bentinck, in Varel in Oldenburg, where his leisure hours were devoted to Plato and Kant and the Schlegels. Having undergone his theological examination, he officiated also for a time as clergyman in a country village, but broke off at the end of six months, when they neglected to settle him, and wanted to seek his fortune in Russia; but, failing to obtain a passport, he became a tutor in Altona, near Hamburg, where Thucydides, three times perused, served to enlarge his knowledge of ancient history, while the society of the French *émigrés*, who swarmed

about him, gave a direction to his thoughts upon the modern. From Altona he went to Frankfort on the Main, in 1800, where he entered, in the same capacity of tutor, the family of a wealthy merchant. The years were moving on, but as yet he had done nothing to prove his title to be more than an humble teacher. In 1807 he made his first little essay in print, entitled, "Abälard and Dulcia: the Life and Opinions of a Visionary and a Philosopher." It was published in Gotha; and by the connection thus established with that place he was led to consult the papers of Beza preserved there. "The Life of Beza and Peter Martyr Vermili," which appeared in 1809, launched him upon his career as writer and scholar. With a view to obtain a position which should secure him permanent support, while it afforded him the necessary leisure, he wrote his "History of the Iconoclast Emperors of the Eastern Empire, with a History of its Earlier Rulers," which appeared in 1812.

Meanwhile, in 1808, he had received an appointment at the school in Jever, and was soon afterwards made Con-rector, with a salary of \$525 and a house to live in. But not finding the leisure which to such a man is an imperative condition of existence, he abandoned these worldly advantages, to the consternation of his friends, who failed to see any more clearly than himself what was to become of him. Obtaining from Giessen the usual degree of Doctor of Philosophy, he went back on a venture to Frankfort, where it happened at the right moment that Karl Ritter was called from the Frankfort Gymnasium to enter upon his great career in the Prussian capital. Schlosser took his place, and shortly afterwards was made a professor in the newly established Lyceum, with the task of philosophizing upon history in the French way. But he soon found that generalizations upon facts were of little use when the facts themselves were not well known. He was led, therefore, to systematize the general history of the world as he had come to view it, for the use of his pupils. And the result was the publication, in 1815, of the first volume of his "History of the World in a connected Narration"; but he had not emerged from ancient history when he foresaw that the political revolutions then taking place would soon sweep away his Lyceum, and with it the special object for which he wrote



would be lost also, — as was the case. Appointed, then, City Librarian at Frankfort, he altered the plan of his work, with the intention of making it a strictly scientific one. He proposed to himself to set forth the great facts of human history in their relation to one another, as he viewed both the facts and their relation. He did not investigate facts to determine their accuracy, but, admitting their existence, he sought to understand and explain them. Perhaps a better title of his work would have been “Schlosser’s View of the World’s History.” However he may have executed his task, his purpose was one of the noblest and highest to which the human intellect can apply itself. Fitly to reproduce the epic of man’s existence on earth requires a genius which Schlosser did not possess, nor pretend to possess. Nor has the individual yet appeared to us who may rightly lay claim to it. The great historians have tacitly admitted their inability to cope with more than a limited period; and the greater the writer, the narrower, it would seem of late, the sphere to which he restricts himself. Gibbon, with a vast learning, not second-hand nor superficial, as Schlosser unjustly charges, but original and profound, has compassed a thousand years in stately narrative. But Gibbon describes, and the reader thinks. The brilliant fragment of Macaulay proves, by its being a fragment in its nature, that he was perhaps less of an historian than a masterly essayist; for history so written in detail life would not be long enough to read. Like the great masters in art, he had a marvellous power of painting what he saw; but his vision was not wide enough to take in all causes, nor his power great enough to marshal in proper relation all events. Nobody pretends that Schlosser has achieved that success. But, so far as we know, his effort is the first strictly scientific one, — and a perfectly legitimate one, as not presuming too far upon human strength. The success of such an attempt depends not less upon the degree of insight than upon the amount of labor which is brought to bear upon it. It is not an ordinary work, which ordinary men may do, but an extraordinary one, which genius of the highest order alone will at last accomplish. It is not so much new facts the world wants, as new views of the old facts. In the effort to be picturesque and rhetorical, we

have selected scenes with a view to their dramatic effect, forgetting that they are all but parts of one vast representation; and in the effort to be learned we have carried scepticism to the verge of absurdity, and faith to the verge of superstition, forgetting to go behind the particular event for the general causes which produced it, and beyond it to fix its relation in the ever-widening series of human actions. "The so-called art of rhetoric would have been sadly out of place," says Schlosser himself, in such a work as he designed. And there was nothing in history, perhaps, or in life, which he fought with more pertinacity and bitterness than all pretensions to beauty of form at the expense of substance, all attempts at advocacy, and all declamation. Doubtless, when he swept within the circle of his animosity names like those of Sismondi and Hallam, he carried it altogether too far. But at bottom there was a certain ground for his hostility. Doubtless, with the great master the thought and the form blend together, and both partake of the divinity of his genius. But when the tendency of an age is to set its highest values upon rhetorical excellence, that age is in a bad way. If history did not illustrate the fact, reason would demonstrate the danger.

With the vigor and persistency of his character, Schlosser carried his plan through to the year 1300, in the five volumes which he published between 1817 and 1824. In the continuation, published between 1839 and 1841, he developed it down to the year 1401. In a work so vast, especially upon the principles upon which Schlosser conducted it, one would necessarily become clearer as he went on. Half lost, as he says himself, in the study of his authorities, and not wholly master of his learning, the first views would not be the largest nor the justest. And as he advanced, also, he wrote less for the learned than for the people, till he enriched them at last with a history of the world such as no other age has produced, and no other people possess. His rising fame, limited as yet, however, to the circle of scholars, attracted the attention of the universities, many of which competed for his services. He gave the preference to the invitation extended to him from Heidelberg in 1817, when Wilken went to Berlin, and became Professor of History and Librarian, and in 1823 obtained the

dignity of Privy Court Councillor. He soon resigned the office of Librarian, but retained his professorship to the end of his days.

The better to fit himself for his lectures upon history, he made repeated journeys to Paris, where not only the archives of the state were accessible to him, but also, and of no less importance, the society of many of the chief actors in the stormy revolutions which had made Paris the centre and the example of the destroying, as well as of the reforming, spirit of the age. The one served to explain the other. And certainly few contemporaries have been better qualified than Schlosser, by study or opportunity, to write of the events of which they were the partakers or the witnesses. In the spirited circle of the Archduchess Stephanie of Baden he obtained an interior view, if one may say so, of the sentiments of the Bonapartists, while from Gregoire and Thibaudeau he must have heard many a valuable criticism. The result of these studies and of this experience was his "History of the Eighteenth Century, concisely viewed, with Special Reference to the entire Change, at its Close, in Opinions and Forms of Government." It was the first work of Schlosser's which won him a national reputation. Out of the circle of scholars he had hardly been known at all hitherto. The numberless periodicals devoted to criticisms of new works did not contain his name. Up to 1826, it is said that only Luden, Planck, and Wachler had given any public sign of his existence. Slowly, but not for that less surely, had Schlosser won his way to general recognition; and when success came at last to crown him, he was worthy of it.

From his lectures upon ancient history sprang his "Universal-Historical View of the History of the Ancient World and its Culture," published in nine volumes between 1826 and 1834. The great light which has been thrown upon all that relates to antiquity during the last quarter of a century will expose a certain meagreness, doubtless, in many parts of Schlosser's work, but the method of it can never become obsolete. It was a time of speculation and hypothesis in historical inquiry; ingenious conjecture supplied the want of positive fact; not in what was, but what might have been, did brilliant



writers find their subjects, thinking to force their way into the darkness which wraps the primeval ages, with their fancy only for a guide. For such things Schlosser had unmitigated contempt. To be sure, Heeren's picture of the condition of Asia in those twilight ages might be perfectly just, but how did he show it to be so? In his repudiation of all material but authentic fact, Schlosser undoubtedly went too far. The common historian, indeed, can with safety tread no other path. But the insight of a gifted mind may discern the truth shining through the darkness,—the shreds of the silver cord hung out to him he may not be able to show. His greatness and his power, however, consist in the very fact that he can walk where others only stumble and fall. Genius finds its material where others see only rubbish; and out of the damps and gloom of the ages rises, simple and beautiful and pure, the vanished life,—never dead, but only waiting. With that sturdy nature and that rough honesty which he inherited from his ancestors by the North Sea shores, Schlosser opposed, with an intensity of hatred worthy of the revolutionary age in which he was cradled, all attempts to make appearances pass for certainties. First and always he demanded the solemn fact, ridiculing conjecture and scoffing at invention; taking for granted, but in a narrow way, that there are periods of human existence beyond whose dark limits mortal knowledge shall not penetrate. But once upon sure ground, he advanced with confident tread, because he could speak with authority.

From 1830 to 1835, he edited, in conjunction with G. A. Bercht, in Frankfort, the “Archives of History and Literature,” of which six volumes appeared, containing numerous criticisms upon contemporary works,—a sort of activity very common in Germany, which he continued in the Heidelberg *Jahrbücher*. His Archives contain also several longer articles, among which are some valuable ones upon Latin history, and, besides the masterly disquisition upon Dante, his favorite poet another, also published separately, entitled “A Criticism upon Napoleon and his latest Adversaries and Eulogists, with Special Reference to the Period between 1800 and 1813.” It comes down, however, only to 1805, and will serve at least for a guide to the numerous writings upon Napoleon. He attacks

the estimate of Napoleon's greatness based upon the violent revolution which he accomplished, and exposes in his usual harsh way the idolatry of which he was the subject, perhaps the victim. For saving France, and with it Europe, from the dark shadow of that fearful anarchy which threatened it, Schlosser felt a certain gratitude to Napoleon. If he looked too favorably upon him, it was because he remembered too gloomily the French Revolution. The collections of Buchez and Roux, however, have supplied us in these days with a basis of documentary evidence which was in part wanting to the history of Schlosser, and wholly to the romance of Thiers.

His History of the Eighteenth Century, of which we now come to speak, was the legitimate conclusion of his former labors. Study, observation, and experience, in the midst of a tumultuous time, had revealed to him practically and distinctly the controlling influence of a people's culture upon the course of political affairs. Hitherto those affairs had constituted the chief burden of history; and the coming time will hardly discover a more decisive instance of the imbecility to which a long submission to tradition, false at the outset, will reduce any branch of literature, than is manifest in the prevailing treatment of history hitherto. Mr. Buckle's great work deserves at least our recognition, — whatever we may think of his philosophy, — as an honest effort to emancipate an important, perhaps after religion the most important, subject of human contemplation — for it is our total result, our final explanation of all facts, our last marshalling of all causes — from the slavery of inherited falsehood and the perversions of theological prejudice. Schlosser undertook to show the influence of literature upon the progress of events; — how it is that the thinkers and the writers change the course of men's opinions, and so control men's actions; how the outward striving is but the expression of the inward craving which proceeds from the few to the many; how political events are results not less than causes, and how in the writings of an age you read the thoughts which govern it. Yet it was not his purpose to write a great literary history, like that of Wachler. With the artistic merit of writings he had nothing to do, only with the effect of them upon the age. The temper of his mind

and the course of his thinking wholly unfitted him, even if he had been disposed, to enter upon the sterile and thorny fields of literary criticism. His measure of a writer had always been, not to what degree he was a classic, but to what degree he was a power in the world. The inner beauty of the thought, the outward grace of the words, the harmony and the skill of the grouping, — these things were of no account with him, who did not look into the work, but outside of it, — to trace its course as a firebrand in setting the smouldering wrath of a nation in a blaze, or as a voice of admonition to still its fevered hopes, or of cheer to console its weary suffering.

Schlosser had reached the age of sixty when he began the publication of the work by which he will ever be best known, or indeed practically known at all to us; we mean, of course, his "*History of the Eighteenth Century, and of the Nineteenth to the Overthrow of the French Empire*," published, in eight volumes, from 1836 to 1848. In Germany it met with vast success, unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in that country by any historical work of such extent. Schlosser, we have said, was the representative of the last age, — in this work especially so. It stands in striking contrast with the tendencies of the present. Since the Congress of Vienna there has prevailed a spirit of reaction. The struggles of that stern period in which Schlosser ripened into manhood have given place to a certain indifference, even of doubt as to the good of it all. The great aims of the eighteenth seem to pall upon the nineteenth century, and Schlosser thought he saw the corruption extending from practical life to the silent domain of history, lamenting that the style of to-day was not the style of Schlözer or Müller or Schiller. So representing the fact to himself, and failing to understand it, Schlosser fought it, — with all his strength and all his harshness not softened by the years. The tides of history, as of life, ebb and flow, each flood sweeping us farther on. Schlosser was borne into middle life on the flood, and stood gazing, heart-stricken and weary, as the waves retreated. He could not lift himself above his age and out of it; and so, while he hated, he was not consoled. His strong prejudices also made him unjust to contemporary talent. He clung to his own conceits as much as to the past. The power



of Ranke and the charm of Varnhagen von Ense were lost upon him. He could not understand the growing desire of his countrymen to learn how to write. But, with many faults, Schlosser was honest, and therefore with the truth-loving, deep-feeling German people popular. As Zittel said at his grave, "he was the mouth-piece through which spoke the conscience of the German people." It was long his intention to continue this history down to the present time. "Younger persons dare not speak the truth," he said; "I must needs do it myself."

With the exception of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, which he afterwards treated, Schlosser had now traversed the whole course of human history up to 1815, in twenty-four volumes. He had satisfied the conditions which Schlözer and Johannes Müller impose upon the true historian, for he had compassed the whole domain of history substantially from original sources, — not consulting all authorities, of course, for he was not a special historian, but in a large way surveying, as well as unfolding, the world's vast history.

In order to make his history of the world readable and useful to the people, the industrious Professor Kriegk, of Frankfurt on the Main, undertook a revision of it, with Schlosser's help, in 1844. Thus arose the "History of the World for the German People," finished, in eighteen volumes, in 1856, of which, it is said, thirty thousand copies were sold. The history of the three centuries which we have just mentioned as alone wanting to complete the circle of his vast activity, was finally written and published between 1849 and 1854.

The last years had come now, but they found him intent upon his earthly work. In 1856, on the brink of eighty, he wrote to a friend, with trembling hand, that he had resolved, after finishing his History of the World, to rest for a time, in order quietly to enjoy a not inconsiderable property in the last years of his life. "On the History of the Eighteenth Century I shall continue to work, but very slowly, and improve the opportunity of rest to read much which I have hitherto passed over, — particularly the *Mémoires du Roi Joseph*, and the rhetorician Villemain's wretched *Souvenirs*. What most interests me in the former are the *ipsissima verba* of the Corsi-

can, contained in the first part, who utters himself too characteristically for one to fail to read his true nature in his words. I have wondered a good deal," he adds, playfully alluding to his distinguished colleagues, "that Häusser's third volume has turned out so thick, and my colleague Gervinus's second volume so thin."

The successive editions of his *History of the Eighteenth Century* gave Schlosser an opportunity for revision which he did not neglect. It does not fall to us to indicate that revision at all in detail. We remark only that it was important and thorough. In his Preface, however, to the first volume of the fourth and last edition, in 1853, he says: "In the first three editions of the first half of his work (for the last half was not contained in the first edition) the author had fully accomplished his purpose; he did not desire to publish a fourth edition. His sole object had been to deliver to the German people, sharply and with severity, the results of the studies of a long life, without any reference whatever to the opinions and disposition of the public. Of the great public, indeed, he had taken no account whatever, and he was not a little surprised when a learned Dutchman ventured to translate his work into Dutch, and an Englishman to publish also a translation in eight thick volumes. He had been willing to leave his work to its fate, since the public demands of its writers, and rightly, those qualities of polish, elegance, and mildness which he had intentionally rejected. And, however ridiculous a whim this may seem of his, considering the difficulty the people have, in an age like ours wholly devoted to externals, of understanding his mean opinion of literary reputation, his publisher, at least, will bear witness that it was simply to oblige him that he took the work in hand again. . . . . Wherever it is possible, therefore, without entire rewriting, he will soften and strike out what to a languid and servile generation is too rough, and too Scandinavian."

The last volume of this edition was published in 1860, and its Preface contains Schlosser's last printed words: "For the rest, in our eighty-fourth year, we abandon to others all criticism upon our age and our contemporaries, acknowledging that we are unequal to the task of longer exhorting, and

thereby improving, a generation in divers ways so corrupt. These last years and their culture are at variance with us, and we with them, so that we have ceased in a measure to be a contemporary of the events transpiring about us. It cannot, therefore, but be salutary for a writer, who has labored for so many years, to take his final leave of the public at a time when he is altogether ready also to end his life, putting his trust, not in himself or in any human being, but in that divine strength which has sustained him hitherto, and has not yet wholly deserted him. Therewith closeth the writer a work of many years of study." And so the patriarch, weary of earth, his work done, goes from us forever. Every life leaves behind it some trace of its existence, if we could but see it; and it is often the widest activities which become the hardest to follow. But when a life like that of Schlosser sets its results in the written letter, it becomes doubly dear to us; for thus it survives accident and defies decay, illustrating its age and forever blending with its story. The writer really *classic* stands out ever as an example and a possession. Schlosser was not a classic,—very far from it,—a man only of great ability persistently applied. Hence he passes away with his age, which he has wrought on,—if so be an age can be said to pass away at all, and not rather draw closer to us ever, purified and at last intelligible. But to have helped to keep a nation's aims pure and high, to have fought its corruptions, and to have withstood its temptations, is a result which cannot be less brilliant because it sprang from a self-sacrificing and unselfish life. Schlosser's influence upon his age will be more apparent as the years recede;—when it is forgotten how success was ever thought to excuse and consecrate wrong; when the tide floods again, and the restless spirit of man takes courage, and Europe learns, at what price it will, that the final object of human institutions is not to minister to the few at the expense of the many; when also the true ideal of life becomes clear again to the blinded eyes of the people, and it learns there and here and everywhere that man does not live by bread alone. Schlosser's writings are not distinct from his life, but the expression of it in action. He was not in any sense an artist. He could not create. He could only examine and judge;



hence he was substantially a critic. He could gather material, but he could not use it so as to erect a structure which should withstand the storms of the centuries, as fresh and as beautiful on the last day as on the first. But in his day and generation he was a valiant worker. He seems to us ever with the battle-axe of revolution in his hands, his face illumined by the red glare flashed back upon it from the fires through which he strode down to us.

In the Heidelberg *Jahrbücher* we find some words of Schlosser which illustrate the religious depth of the man better than any of ours could do. It will be wholesome to read them. "The writer is so near," he says, "the limit of human life appointed in Holy Writ, that he may be permitted to appeal to his own experience when he esteems himself fortunate in having been brought up and instructed in the Bible, and not theologically. He, and all with him who honor the spirit and not the letter of Scripture, await on the brink of the grave, without fear or trembling, the finer day whose red morning beams already, in the evening of this earthly life, illumine their souls. They fear no judgment from the curse of priests, and expect none to be averted by their blessings. Their hope is the infinitely compassionate love of Him who has so wonderfully guided them in life, and who will not desert them in death. They fear no judgment, for they pass judgment upon themselves daily. They await with joy the approaching day when this mortal coil shall fall away, and their immortal spirit, light born of heavenly light, purified from the dross of earth, shall contemplate in God that truth for the sake of which they have in life, here below, fought the hard fight." \*

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\* Since the above article was written, we observe that Gervinus has published, at Leipzig, a necrologue of Schlosser, which he who seeks a profounder estimate of the writer and a nearer acquaintance with the man will do well to consult.

## ART. VI.—THE REFORMATION AND ITS RESULTS.

*A Text-Book of Church History.* By DR. JOHN C. L. GIESELER. Translated and edited by HENRY B. SMITH. Vol. IV. A. D. 1517–1648. *The Reformation and its Results, to the Peace of Westphalia.* New York: Harper and Brothers.

WE have already given our brief word of welcome to this volume, whose admirable qualities are too well known to all students of church history to need further exposition here. But the title, no less than the substance of the book, suggests a train of thought besides, which may possibly be a help to those who are drawn to the study of a work so necessarily scholastic and dry, or to the vast body of literature which is its appropriate illustration.

There is no period of history more precisely outlined and defined than that bounded by these two dates. Up to the protest of Martin Luther, the Catholic hierarchy has been a power, if not always unchallenged, at least victorious and unbroken. After the peace of Westphalia, the great struggles of Europe take another form; secular ambition crowds back religious conviction; a century of “dynastic wars” succeeds the tremendous conflict waged about the hostile faiths of Christendom; the passions of the strife are at once baser and more moderate, less heroic and less vindictive and fierce; the field of religious enterprise is limited more and more to missions abroad and piety at home. In the interval between the two, the Reformation is a distinct, well-defined, aggressive, antagonistic force. It is a spirit and a power, compelling all thinking men, all governments, states, and towns, all bodies of armed men,—almost, we might say, all trades, all professions, and every man,—to take sides in the contest for or against the Pope. It is like a new chemical agent, of affinities powerful and before unknown, that compels new combinations among all the elements it touches. Like an electro-magnetic current, it develops the antagonistic forces of the two opposite poles, which seek their balance since in vain.

To specify its action more precisely. Within the limits we

have mentioned, the Reformation invaded every nation of Western Europe. Everywhere it drove the Papacy from its position of arrogant assertion, into an attitude of self-defence, from which it has never rallied since. It divided the great Catholic organization of the Middle Age into two irreconcilably hostile parties, completely changing its essential character as catholic, or universal, and impressed two radically distinct and antagonistic types upon the mind of Western Christendom. From the field of theological or scholarly debate it speedily spread through court, camp, and plain. It drew lines of hostile division in the intrigues of cabinets and the policy of kings. It kindled and kept to a fierce heat the passions of whole nations and multitudes of men. Its advent was the signal for a series of religious wars that have never been surpassed in obstinate ferocity. And at length it conquered a peace which parted the great powers on a new line, as Papal and Protestant, and made the basis of the European political system, down to the wars of Napoleon.

Let us look at it, next, in its more special effects in different lands.

Germany it divides near midway, setting the young Emperor at strife with the bold and proud spirit of the North. Luther's brave, honest words, still more his hearty, resolute, manly life, call forth a new spirit in the people, and make them intensely conscious of a new bond of union. Authority is set at defiance in church and state. Horrible scandals, of Anabaptist and Antinomian, springing from very harmless-seeming maxims of gospel truth, and from a style of worship that seems at first to have been simple, fervent, and beautiful, stain the fresh annals of religious liberty. The fury of the Peasants' War — that tragical issue of a premature and abortive republicanism, that bloody response of feudal tyranny to the pathetic simplicity and good faith of the popular demands\*

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\* These demands were, the right of choosing pastors ; that tithes shall be given to the pastor and the poor ; the abolition of serfdom and of game-laws ; the right of gathering wood in forests ; the mitigation of feudal services, and the lightening of rent ; to be judged by established law ; the use of common land ; and the abolition of the widow's and orphan's tax (*heriot*). The petition drafted by one of the pastors is very touching for the homely eloquence which sets forth these grievances, and the simple confidence of the appeal to the mercy of the feudal lords.



—hails the first open announcement of freedom and human right. A few years later, by crafty and cruel policy, the Emperor has nearly crushed the rising spirit of independence; then, caught in the toils of a policy craftier than his own, the conqueror turns fugitive, and must respect a rival he cannot overcome. Half a century of treacherous compromise, of wavering and unstable equilibrium, and then the smothered hostilities break out in the Thirty Years' War, —that period of all the most utterly tragic, when Central Europe seemed hopelessly given over to barbarism and desolation; when Wallenstein conceived the diabolical ambition of concentrating all soldiers of fortune into one vast horde of organized freebooters, holding all peaceful populations at their mercy; when the horrors of the Palatinate and Magdeburg were avenged by the heroism of Lützen; and the free powers of the North were drawn into the encounter, and Richelieu played on that bloody field his deep game of policy against the Empire, till wearied Europe took refuge in the general peace, and religious persecution as a principle of state government was solemnly abandoned.

The Swiss Republic, free in its mountain ramparts, rich in its green valleys and prosperous, busy towns, had early spoken brave words against the corruptions of the Church, and vouched them by brave deeds. The clear-headed and true-hearted Zwingli, whose independent movement of reform follows a track nearly parallel with Luther's, fell on the field of battle, and Geneva, the refuge of John Calvin, became the home of the faith that bears his name, so stern in persecution, so patient and intrepid under suffering, perhaps the most heroic in its history of all forms that Christianity has taken among men. Under its inspiration was played out that highest and bloodiest tragedy of human history, the war of deliverance in the Netherlands against the infernal tyranny of Spain; its intense conviction nerved the miraculous courage of that martyr-people to its desperate struggle of fifty years; its austere piety lay at the root of the noble, devoted, patient daring of William the Silent, and braced the vigor of the Republic which stood invincible under his valiant son. At the risk of their lives, enthusiasts from Geneva pierced the mountain passes of Spain,

and kept up the perilous correspondence of heretics both sides the border; till, all on a sudden, the priesthood found it was a doubtful struggle for its very existence. Then came that terrible system of religious tyranny, which made the sister a spy upon her brother, and the bride upon her betrothed, and the father upon his child, — which offered the debtor base wages to betray his creditor, and delivered up the noblest of the land to the blackness of the pitiless dungeon and the holiday torture of the blazing pile, — till, in this life-and-death conflict, the glory and the liberties of Spain seemed sunk forever.

In England the temper of an untamed people backed the imperious will of Henry, and the resolute, wise policy of his great minister, Cromwell, to revolt against the hated supremacy of Rome. Here it was no new quarrel. The power of the Pope had been strictly bounded, long before, by king and baron; while Wickliffe spoke to the better heart and conscience of the nation, and his truth continued long after his ashes had floated out to their "vast and wandering grave." The long tragedy of errors, the wide labyrinth of conspiracy, the war of buccaneers at sea, of plots and counter-plots on land, that marked the grand conflict of England with the Catholic powers, issues in the triumphant overthrow of the Armada, and an island-empire, the invincible bulwark of Protestantism. The gray walls of dungeons, the fires of Oxford and Smithfield, the block and axe and hangman's knife, the terror of Star-Chamber and royal edict and bitter exile, all have been met steadily, unflinchingly, victoriously. The proud hierarchy of England, the richest and most powerful in Christendom, is now confronted on its own soil by the sturdy spirit of the Puritans, and religion nerves the republican struggle in church and state. English Puritanism lays the corner-stone of the empire republic across the sea. English republicanism at home foils the royal treachery in Parliament and royal forces in the field, and now, in 1648, holds in its grasp the vanquished sovereign, ere many months to be martyr of the faith of despotism. While in Scotland the Reformed doctrine, which had taken its sternest shape in the attack of John Knox against the guilty and unhappy Mary, culminates in the humble heroism, the sombre fanaticism, the obstinate endurance, the implacable, fierce, resolute enthusiasm, of the Covenanters.

In France we have the story of a long and bitter conflict, and a doubtful victory of despotism at the end. First, the gradual joyous spread of a tenderer, deeper, freer faith, through hymns and popular chants; then a long, silent, peaceable endurance, for forty years, of the tyranny that strove to exterminate it; then the sudden blazing out and long rancor of religious wars, with party rage and treachery, battle and conspiracy, the outlawing of whole populations, and the wholesale series of assassinations which we call the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Peace is won at length, as a refuge from exhaustion and fear, — an armed and treacherous peace, to be followed yet again by the cruelties of licensed and victorious despotism; till the religious liberties of France seem crushed, persecution is regularly bought and paid for by the clergy with grants of money to the king's hungry exchequer, free thought can only show itself as free-thinking, mock pietism breeds a scepticism licentious and undevout, and the fatal path is entered which leads at last to the public denial of Christ, the worship of Reason, the enthroning of the Mob, and the Reign of Terror.

And again, this great revolution of thought has its humbler, tenderer side. It is among the numerous populations of the industrious poor, in Lower Germany and along the Lower Rhine, that the new faith finds its warmest disciples. These humble, poor, toiling men, these patient, suffering women, asked for nothing more than the joy to feel the love of God dwelling in them, as the lightening and solace of their daily toil, — a privilege they sought through such bitter hostility and persecution oftentimes, that mothers there were who were burnt to death for teaching their child the Lord's Prayer in its mother-tongue, and pious women who did not cease to sing their hymn of patient trust, as they lay in the pit that was to be their living grave. It was in the Christian hymns that rose amidst the hum of daily toil, that kept time to the darting of the shuttle and the pulses of the loom, that cheered the poor lace-weaver's busy task, that swelled from the broad plain where congregations gathered in the open air to their Sunday worship, or floated in the manly tones of the wayfar-ing laborer, as he went from city to city, perhaps at hazard of



his life, bearing with him those precious versions of the Psalms set to music which the press at Geneva scattered through all Christendom,—it was in these Christian hymns and sacred melodies that the vital religion of the time became blended with all affections and tasks of home, and sanctified the daily lives of thousands. It was through that sacred channel of humble suffering and toil and tears that the forms of modern piety were wrought out, and the tone was given to the truest faith of the modern world.

In this bird's-eye view of the event we call the Reformation,—both its political effects and its moral characteristics,—we see how vast, vital, radical, was the change it brought upon Western Europe. No nation or government—hardly a hamlet or lonely cottage—that was not touched by its all-penetrating presence. France and Spain, that seem, if not quite to have kept it from their borders, at least to have met and subdued it there, were cut as deep to the heart as any by its two-edged sword. Italy alone, the centre and seat of Catholic dominion, seems impregnable to the reform heralded so eloquently by Savonarola thirty years before. Blind to the new visions of truth, deaf to the new words of faith, it kept on its career of Art that from Christian had turned completely Pagan, and of elegant literature from which the masculine strength was already gone. Meanwhile, its spiritual lords profited warily by the lessons they had learned already, and by those the great revolt in the North was teaching. A new champion was found to defend the ancient faith,—Loyola against Luther; and a new empire of souls was founded on the fervid fanaticism, the subtle policy, the consummate culture, and the disciplined skill of the great Order that now marshalled itself under the name of Jesus. Crippled in its polity abroad, and beset with a war of creeds, the Roman Church gathers a new Council at Trent, on its menaced frontier, to utter its final word on controverted forms of faith, and opposes to rival creeds its own more authoritative and imposing system. The era of Sixtus V. shows with what skill and success the Papacy has done its work at home. But Italy was also the field of battle fiercely fought, the prize of victory in the great wars of ambition, a sufferer where she had not force to be a party.

The victory of Pavia was in the same year with the outbreak of the Peasants' War, and in the year following Rome itself was entered by the troops of Charles, and the holy places were polluted by the ravage of new hordes of Northern barbarism. The very position of Italy, helpless and neutral in the vortex of such a strife, itself shows the appalling magnitude of the contest which set her great spiritual empire at stake; just as the utter worldly scepticism of the Holy See at the very crisis of its fate, by contrast shows most vividly the intense conviction that animated its assailants, and made its defeat seem a thing for human hands to undertake.

It is impossible, in ever so brief a survey of the period we have indicated, not to linger a little upon the central figure which Providence set so plainly in the van of the fight. Any great event, to be looked at rightly, should be seen not only in its incidents and its results, but as reflected in the life and character of a man. The event embodies a spiritual force. It has grown from one man's personal conviction; it has taken the stamp of his intellect and will; it has become identified with his personal character and fortunes; and it is so, in its dramatic character and historic unity, that it chiefly interests and instructs us. No philosophy of history is so true as the logic of the soul. Eminently the Reformation is an event so to be studied and judged. Eminently its representative man is also a man of the age and a man of the people. With very good reason, then, our popular histories of the period have been mostly biographies of Martin Luther. Our desire not to trespass on ground already so familiar — and still more, our hope one of these days to present more fully some of the recent results of study respecting the career of the great Reformer — will limit what we have to say at present to a few words, indicating the position which he held towards some of the men and events of his own time.

Everybody knows the story so vividly outlined in even the most meagre sketch of that first uprising of the free intellect in rebellion against spiritual usurpation and tyranny. The cheery, fair-complexioned boy, nursed on the breast of poverty, earning his nightly penny in the street-chorus of Christian hymns; the youth, startled by his companion's sudden death

to "a horrible dread of the last day, craving with his very marrow that he might be safe"; the recluse student, coming upon his copy of the Holy Scriptures as a new and infinitely precious treasure; the pious monk, already looked on as the likely leader of a reform in Christian morals, "drunk and drowned in the doctrine of the Pope," on that journey to Rome which he "would not have missed for a thousand florins," climbing the Santa Scala painfully on his knees among the retinue of pilgrims, and struck as with a flash by these words of Paul, *The just shall live by faith*,—the key, ever after, of his religious life; the "young doctor, fresh from the forge, glowing and cheerful in the Holy Ghost," withstanding to his face the impudent monk Tetzel, and raising a storm of revolutionary passion with his ninety-five Theses on Indulgences; the brave reformer, resolute in his defiance of the enthroned Lie that tyrannized over the soul of Christendom, yet wondering if "the song might not get pitched too high for his voice," and appealing to the Pope himself so coaxingly, as to "a lamb in the midst of wolves, Daniel in the lion's den, or Ezekiel among the scorpions"; the condemned and sentenced heretic, standing unbaffled before the powers of the Empire and the Church at Worms, and uttering his defence in those electric words,\* the assertion for all time of the liberty of the Christian conscience; the prisoner in the "Patmos" of Wartburg, fighting face to face with Satan, scattering with unseen hand from those friendly towers the words brave and timely that make his name a power among the people, and carrying on the great work that identifies his strong homely idiom with the language of the people's Bible;—these pictures have been stamped indelibly on the history of the time, and they bring fresh to our thought nearly all that is worth remembering in the first few years of the great revolutionary era. Results had already

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\* The close of his defence is as follows: "Since you seek a plain answer, I will give it without horns or teeth, thus:—unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture or evident reason,—for I trust neither Pope nor Council, since it is clear they have often erred and contradicted themselves,—I am bound by the Scriptures by me adduced; my conscience is captive to the words of God; I cannot retract, and I will not, anything, for against conscience it is neither safe nor sound to act. *Here stand I: I cannot otherwise: God help me. Amen.*" In these last words he forsakes the formal Latin of his defence, and speaks out in his own sturdy Saxon speech.



come about, far beyond anything he had dreamed at first; and a burden of public expectation and fame was already saddled upon him, from which with all his heart and conscience he had shrunk. The Reformation now found a secure foothold in the freer thought and better conscience of the nation. The stanch Saxon independence was rallied to resist the demands of Rome, and a Protestant league soon made the new faith a formidable power in the Empire.

The twenty-five years that elapsed between Luther's release from the sheltering towers of Wartburg and his death, were years of incessant struggle, in which he stands always in the front rank, to receive the scars and bruises of the fight. His words are "half-battles." Papist, Dissenter, Antinomian, Turk, come in for nearly equal shares of that implacable storm of speech. "They say," he writes, "that these books of mine are too keen and cutting. They are right: I never meant them to be soft and gentle. My only regret is that they cut no deeper." Erasmus shrinks from the stern warfare his satire has done its share in kindling; thinks, along with the conservatists and compromisers of all times, that "more progress is to be made by moderation," and "would rather be torn limb from limb than foment discord." "When Erasmus preaches," shouts Luther, "it rings false, like a cracked pot. He has attacked the Pope, and is now drawing his head out of the noose." "When I recover," he says again, "with God's help I will write against him, and kill him. As yet I have hesitated. I killed Münzer, and his death is a load round my neck. But I killed him because he sought to kill my Christ." "I care not about being accused of violence. It shall be my glory and honor henceforth to have it said how I rage and storm against the Papists. I will leave them no rest from my curses till I sink into my grave. I would have them buried to the sound of my thunders and lightnings. . . . Yet I keep towards all the world a kind and loving heart. Often in the night, when unable to sleep, I ponder in my bed painfully and anxiously how they may yet be won to repent before a fearful judgment overtakes them. But it seems that it must not be." "Christianity is open and honest. It sees things as they are, and proclaims them as they are."

With his fiery, positive, self-centred faith, Luther was sorely troubled at the religious dissensions and chaos of opinions that followed the course of the Reformation. Deep misgivings afflicted him, not as to the truth of the Papal doctrine, but as to the tendency of his own. "Many think," said he, "that my path is on roses; but God knows how far my heart is from any such feeling." From the first, the people heard him gladly. "Where I found one for the Pope, I found three for you," said Miltitz, in the first year of the controversy. Shouts of sympathy, welcome, and good cheer greeted him in the very streets of Worms. Printers spread his tracts in vast numbers, cheaply, neatly, accurately; while those of his opponents they charged double the price for, and sent them out full of blunders. German soldiers proclaimed him Pope before Clement's own face in the streets of Rome. Theologians of free spirit looked to him as their undaunted leader. The oppressed peasantry were sure of his large-hearted sympathy in the hapless struggle for their rights against feudal chiefs. But at every hand he had cause of tumult, anxiety, and grief. "Where our Lord God builds a church," said he, "the Devil builds a chapel close behind it." More logical thinkers, like Zwingli, or dogged dogmatists like Carlstadt, would not consent to his pietistic doctrine of the Real Presence, differing only by a syllable or a shade from that of Rome. Here was a bitter quarrel, which brought one of his opponents to poverty and exile, and to another a storm of vituperation; and the first Protestant league had nearly fallen through, because it seemed impious to Luther to associate with a "Sacramentarian," even for mutual defence. There were religious radicals, Antinomian and Anabaptist, who set out with a travesty of his doctrine of the sufficiency of Scripture and salvation by faith, and indulged in all frantic and licentious outrages of good morals under the fanatic Münzer and "King John of Leyden," who turned the town of Munster into a horrible den of "Latter-Day Saints," till he was conquered and put to death with frightful tortures. The peasants made their demand of emancipation of the princes who had heard and befriended Luther; looked to his broad sympathy for their help; and would turn the religious reformation into a political revolution, for which

the time was not yet come. Bravely and generously Luther interceded for them. To the princes he says: "You are executioners and bloodsuckers of the poor: scorn not this rebellion, I beseech you: it is not they I would have you fear; it is God, the angry Lord. You will be no losers by mercy; or if you should, peace will reward you a hundred-fold. War may engulf and ruin you, body and soul. Some of these demands are just. Retrench all this luxury. Stop up the holes by which money runs out, so that something may be left in the peasant's pouch." Still more earnest was his exhortation to the peasants to patience and peace. But under the wild lead of Münzer broke out the terrible revolt, which cost the lives of fifty thousand men, and only added to the weight of the peasant's yoke. Luther could not pardon the violence that crippled the good cause. "These men," said he, "are under the ban of God and the Emperor, and may be hunted like mad dogs. . . . . All the wild beasts of Germany are let loose upon me, like wolves and bears, to tear me in pieces. . . . . It is pitiful to see the vengeance that has overthrown these poor people. But it is God's will to strike terror into them, or Satan would do more than the princes do." "I, myself," said he, "often feel the raging of the Devil within me. At times I believe, at times I believe not. At times I am merry, at times I am sad. . . . . I hold that a great darkness will follow this gospel light, and that soon after the last day will come." So wore on his troubled and stormy life, through the conflict of those five and twenty years, till the 15th of February, 1546, when he fell asleep gently, with his last breath commending his spirit to the "Lord of Truth," and testifying in death his reliance on the faith whereby he had lived.

For a century longer that battle must be waged, and peace, when it came at length, found the world all changed. What had been a simple protest in the name of conscience and the Gospel against a monstrous abuse of spiritual power, had become, reluctantly, a fierce adversary, striking that power at the root. It had become the motive force of a long and terrible struggle, that matched nation against nation, and class against class. It had gone from step to step, spite of the



unwillingness and remonstrance of its early champions, till it had put on its banner a new name, and found itself battling for emancipation of thought, political and religious liberty, social justice, and human rights. Its course was not so designed, but it was foreordained and providential. The process was long and slow, before all that was implied in Luther's brave protest could be seen or understood. We have still long to wait, before the Reformation has done its perfect work. No increase of political liberty was either its intention or its direct result. But its emancipation of the mind from fetters of priestly authority, its challenge of falsehood in the name of the free conscience, was final and complete. The spell of that great despotism was broken. The shadow of its fear no longer barred the way for the human race towards liberty and truth.

When we speak of the great Catholic organization of Western Europe, let us clearly understand, then, that we speak of what is past, — forever past. It is gone, and has left no rival or inheritor of its greatness. At its summit of power, its catholic pretensions were belied by the independence which the Eastern Church maintained from the first; and its dream of universal empire was hopelessly broken by the rise and the swift conquests of Mohammedanism. In the decline of its vigor, it found itself unable to rule down heresies by its merciless police, or to control by spiritual diplomacy the policy of kings; and so, from being the first, it became the second in its own dominion. In the crisis of its fate it was met by an antagonist of far inferior subtlety and skill, but of resolution, courage, and obstinate conviction which it could not match; and then its sceptre was broken. The Catholic Empire of the West was sundered. The proud name Universal no longer had a meaning, even within the limits that had owned its sublime and awful spell. The South and the North, the Latin and the Teuton, the crafty and imposing fascination of the Old, the fresh vigor and enterprise of the New, were set at variance, and have continued ever since divided, unreconciled, less and less able to conceive even the possibility of ever meeting again on the ancient terms. The change of fact requires a change of name. The Catholic Christendom of the Middle Age is

shared between the two powers which we may call modern Romanism and modern Protestantism, together with a third, which (under whatever title) may yet prove stronger than both. A rapid and summary view of the change more directly wrought in the period we have been considering will close what we have to say on the present topic.

The first thing that strikes us in the aspect of Christian Europe since the great battle of the Reformation is that the division line it drew parts two marked groups of nations or races, as well as two hostile forms of faith. Modern Romanism occupies almost precisely the well-defined limits of the Roman Empire of the West. Italy, Spain, and Gaul, with the provinces of the Danube, are what we now call Romanist, just as they once were Roman. Something may be due to the imperial rule embodied in the Civil Code, which stamped itself so powerfully on the institutions, manners, and life of whole populations, that their after history was compelled into conformity with that type. But it is easiest to represent the fact as ethnographers have laid it down for us. The free spirit of the North, in which Julius Cæsar found his equal match, — which crushed, under Hermann, the legions of Augustus, — which plunged in a wild series of invasions upon the very walls of Rome, — which was scarce held in check by the converted Franks under Charles Martel and Charlemagne, — which asserted itself so long in the barbarian theology in the form of Arianism, and was only with difficulty subdued, by the spiritual weapons of an heroic army of monks and martyrs, to fealty under the vast empire of Christian Rome, — broke out in fresh revolt under Martin Luther, in the Peasants' War, in the struggle for liberty in Holland, in the sturdy Puritan republicanism of England, in the victorious march of the Scandinavian host under Gustavus Adolphus, the last defence of the perishing liberties of Central Europe. It was a war of races as much as creeds. And, waver as the boundaries might for a hundred and thirty years, they were fixed at last, to correspond with the boundaries of the moral and political geography of Europe.

The second thing we note is, that, while claiming the name, lineage, and sanction of the Catholic Church, while inheriting

its ritual and organization, while guarding its tradition, and wielding the forged and tempered keenness of its policy, modern Romanism has failed — disastrously and ignominiously failed — in every enterprise for the recovery of its ancient ground. Beginning with its hand-to-hand conflict with Luther, — continuing with the long effort of Charles the Fifth to reinstate the league of Imperial and Papal absolutism, in which his craft was foiled by Maurice's deeper craft, — then that amazing contest in which Maurice's greater son-in-law, William of Orange, fought single-handed, as it were, for thirty years against the shrouded, subtle malignity of Philip, or the cold, devilish ferocity of Alva, — the long battle of King and Parliament in England, and the Huguenot wars of France, — in each open and declared attempt to crush its antagonist, or regain its old dominion, the Church self-styled infallible and invincible has lost ground at every step. Its tone may be arrogant as of old ; and it may here and there accomplish by secret machinery what it could not by open force. But as a power dealing in the world's affairs, on the wide stage of history, it is helpless, whether before its protectors or its foes. France is its cynical and jealous protector at Rome, and Austria, its spiritual vassal, gives it a dubious authority beyond the Alps ; while the young kingdom of Italy waits impatient to set its constitutional throne in the city of the seven hills, and seal the final doom of the Papacy as a secular power among the nations. So humbled and cast down is the once proud temporal dominion of the Church.

Still another thing we observe, — that, along with this decay of outward power, there has been a deeper interior decay. The faith, the conviction, the earnest conscience, and the enlightened thought, that, embodied in an institution, give it victory and strength, are no longer the inheritance of Rome. She has ceased in any sense to be a guide to the intellect and conscience of mankind. So far from making fresh conquests in the realm of thought, or winning larger provinces of the world's moral life, it is with a feeble and wavering grasp she holds her own. The dogma of infallibility, on which her existence itself is staked, hangs like a drag upon her march. Science, which once she repudiated and condemned, avenges



itself by exhibiting credentials more certain, and winning an empire more sure over nature and human destiny. Learning, which she cherished once, has opened paths she dare not follow. The free conscience she strove to chain with creeds and trammel by rules of priestly discipline reacts upon the sources of her inward life. Distrust of the natural reason and conscience — which she pronounced evil and accursed, so as to play into the hands of her ghostly policy — returns upon her in a deep, hollow, interior unbelief, that, with multitudes of her more enlightened subjects, saps the very foundation of piety and morals. We cannot fail to see that, with all the show and sincerity of devotion in Papal countries, with all the signs of affectionate and confiding piety among the humble and sincere, that hearty, intelligent conviction, that bold, confident grasp of truth, that downright, honest, believing, cultivated thought, which takes in the life of the present and the strength of the future, is no longer the patrimony of Rome. She is no longer the sovereign and guide of the world's intelligence; and the sceptre of her august dominion slips slowly, yet surely, from her grasp.

It would be interesting, in this connection, to consider the nature of that sway — more wide-spread in space, and in some regards more imposing to the imagination, than that of Hildebrand or Innocent — which modern Romanism has in part retained from the ancient dominion, in part wrested from the conflict, and ripened by the experience of these last three hundred years; and to compare it with that authority over man's beliefs and lives which modern Protestantism has endeavored to set up in place of that which it had assaulted. But this, although the proper sequel of the remarks now made, our limits at present will not allow.

It would also be interesting to sketch the group of remarkable men who from time to time bore the standard that Martin Luther first set flying, — whether in the field of bloody battle, in the cabinet where the plots of despotism had to be undermined, or in the war of creeds that followed out his brave search of truth. Melancthon, the gentle, scholarly associate, the clear and refined intellect, whose feebler personality is so dominated by the intensely vitalized will of the great Re-

former ; Carlstadt the radical, who takes at one grasp what he can take of the new doctrine, and goes about, with blunt and blundering good faith, to put it to its plainest uses, blind to the gentle pietisms and nice distinctions that made the master so reluctant to tamper with the ancient faith ; Calvin, ascetic, dyspeptic, and an exile, who first brought something morbid and morally wrong into the Reformed faith, which he would follow out with a certain hard and sad consistency, yet true as steel when the creed must be proved by any act or suffering of his own ; the more subtle and daring thinkers, like Servetus and Socinus, who turned the current of the revolution so early into forbidden paths, and revived heresies for a thousand years under the ban of all good Christian souls ; — how rich and how full of dramatic life is that history of the Reformed dogma which the mention of these names recalls !

Then the marshalled champions of despotism on the one hand, and liberty on the other, in that age all crowded with strife the most tragic and desperate, perhaps, that human history has to show. The young Emperor, growing prematurely old in the warfare that welcomed him, a precocious boy of nineteen, as he leaped to the shining goal of his ambition, and preserving through his near forty years of shifting fortune a stately gravity not unworthy of his century and his birth ; the wary, unscrupulous Maurice of Saxony, playing like a gambler the great prize of his people's liberty into the hands of their oppressor, only to make more sure and ruinous the stroke of strategy by which he foils him at last, and then, his task done, suddenly and ingloriously passes out of sight ; Coligny, the great Admiral, the purest, truest, noblest, of the sons of France in her most heroic age, who "with the genius of a warrior combined the fervor of a religious reformer," whose religion was the religion of a patriot, a devout Christian, and a free-hearted man, — the first victim of St. Bartholomew, stabbed treacherously in his sick-bed, and his mutilated body made the ghastly merriment and mockery of a Paris mob ; William of Orange, by marriage allied with both Saxon and Frenchman, of more heroic life and more tragical fate than either, — so serene in that high ambition which aimed singly at his country's liberty from oppression and freedom of soul, — so princely

in the devotion of his treasure, his singular accomplishments, and his glorious life to that service,—so patient and wary in the long game of diplomatic mining and countermining he must play against the crowned conspirator of the Escorial,—so high-minded, resolute, and true, through the years of that terrible warfare, and the dark web of treachery he must unravel, and the long-baffled malice which at length achieved his assassination; “the three Henries,” whose portrait Motley gives so admirably, in whose lives were gathered up the threads of destiny that France had been spinning through her cruel half-century of religious wars,—the pitiful, effeminate, priest-ridden king, for once roused to a vindictive energy strong enough to strike down with an assassin’s hand his cousin of Guise,—the wicked, resolute, scarred leader of the League,—and the greater third, the hero of Navarre, whose life embodies all the romance, the passion, and the tragedy of the time; the Tudor sovereigns of England, father and daughter, whose troubled reigns—in these late years first rightly interpreted to us—represent so much of the hardy bravery, the wise, bold statesmanship, the proud, stanch nationality of Britain in its grandest era; Maurice of Nassau, and John Barneveldt, representing in their alliance, that had so cruel and unjust an end, the victorious strength and constitutional freedom of the great Republic; Wallenstein, whose name, looming and ominous, stands for all the horror and atrocity of the ‘Thirty Years’ War,—the dark, implacable chief of a hundred thousand bandits, the would-be founder of an empire of lawless force, prince-general of a state of soldiers, with the one vein of visionary superstition that fascinates our imaginative sympathy, and the one delicate thread of human love that, through the first of historic dramas, binds that stern heart to ours; the good and great Gustavus, fair, ruddy, of large Scandinavian stature, and with veins pulsing with the valor of the hardy North, the champion of Order in front of that dark Princedom of Misrule, hero and martyr of humanity, whose costly blood ransomed the nations from their dismal threatening doom; Richelieu, the great Cardinal, to whom country was more than Church,—the first master of modern state-craft,—lean, austere, tormented by the malady that cut at his vitals like a knife, yet always of wake-



ful intellect and unbending will,—who subdued the proud provincial nobles to the inexorable centralism of his policy, who hunted the Huguenots implacably as rebels, yet granted them equal justice as humbled and loyal subjects,—the truest and sincerest representative of a system that carried with it all that is worst in the despotism of modern Europe; and, lastly, the Puritan chieftain, the Lord Protector of English freedom, in whom we know not whether the fervor of piety, or military skill, or statesmanship, or sturdy Saxon sense, is plainest to be seen in the character he plays in the great drama,—now, as its last scene closes, holding in his pitiless grasp the courtly, treacherous monarch, victim of his own falsehood, and martyr of that system of tyranny which his death was impotent to save;—what age, what period of human annals, has the group of names that shall stir recollections vivid as these,—recollections of passions still warm to our touch, of struggles whose fervor calls up answering pulsations in the heart and the life of to-day!

We should overcrowd our pages if we were to refer, even by name, to the writers of these late years who have undertaken to illustrate the great epoch of which we write. Besides, the religious histories of the Reformation, its biography and its theology, we have a singular wealth and vigor of general history brought to the task of portraying the period and the men. The recent volumes of Michelet, imperfect and disappointing as a connected story, abound in admirable sketches, throwing vivid light on passages of the Huguenot era of France. Froude, with patient, thoughtful, gentle, conscientious partisanship, is presenting a view of the Tudor period of England, which, with whatever faults of reticent partiality it may be charged, is infinitely valuable as a contribution to our knowledge of the time and the people, as well as for its vindication of historic names from old and vulgar prejudice. Of our countryman Motley's admirable histories we have spoken already, if not as fully as we would, yet enough to show how clearly we perceive in him the finest appreciation of any historian we can name, of the temper of the period, and the unparalleled interest and importance of the issue at stake in it. And to no promised work do we look forward with such eager

interest as to that story of the Thirty Years' War — for which may his present honorable mission afford him the fit material and opportunity — that shall close worthily the grand gallery of pictures illustrating the century of convulsions from which our modern liberties had their birth.

We have mentioned these names, the first that occur, simply to illustrate the sort of filling out which the meagre outline needs that we find in any historic "text-book." We close by expressing again the very great satisfaction every student will feel, who can revive his faded recollections, or make his first studies, of the Reformation period under guidance so able, so candid, so learned, and so complete as that of Dr. Gieseler.

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ART. VII. — THE AMERICAN BOARD.

*Memorial Volume of the First Fifty Years of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.* Boston. 1861.

It is not without a tender reverence that we could wish to turn to the history of half a century of missions, — to a fit record of those hearts of fire and faith which have lived and died "for the conversion of the world." To nurture upon the simple and sincere conceits of a child's heart, through many years of patient silence, an enthusiastic dream of a dying life on the darkest Afric shore, will make the whole heart forever kind to the true enthusiast of redemption. That meeting of the American Board in which it became a cruel certainty to us that hardly any even seemed to believe the world's peril from God's wrath, we could not indeed forget, but we hoped to find in this "Memorial" such a history of the fervent few as would amply justify the intense sympathy which we felt impelled to offer. We are utterly disappointed. Rev. Rufus Anderson has produced a cold and calculating official report, — a painful blue-book. The spirit of the official stifles the heart of the historian. We were instantly reminded of the

proposal, at a meeting of the Board, to have "a season of prayer," when the discussion of the slavery question seemed tending to a decision perilous to conservative support. Dr. Anderson avoids his subject under the cover of a vigilant effort to be pious. He seems half conscious that a thorough and candid history of the half-century of the Board and its missions would put in peril a considerable portion of "the funds of the Board." In the first vigor of his effort to edify "the patrons of the Board," in his report of the Jubilee meeting, there is an absurd subjection of the Christian to the official. Speaking of the receipts and the payment of the debt, he says: "This auspicious result was owing to the spirit of uncommon liberality which God was pleased to give to the friends of the enterprise generally, but more especially to a well-planned effort for the removal of the debt, suggested by a mercantile friend in Boston." That contrast between the suggestions of God's Spirit and those of a mercantile friend in Boston clearly indicates an official expectation of falling back upon the mercantile friend again, whenever the result of the movement of the Holy Ghost upon the friends of the enterprise generally shall be not wholly satisfactory. It is one indication of a fact which we first saw with unaffected horror, that the Board's Holy Ghost is guaranteed by certain rich and blameless Pharisees of benevolence, who like to be hinted at in reports and memorials.

The labored effort to avoid the vital topics of this history is seen in the references to the subject of slavery. This subject has been much discussed in the meetings of the Board, awakening at times an absorbing interest, and in 1846, as Dr. Hopkins's *Historical Discourse* mentions, "a difference of views in regard to the best method of dealing with slavery" led to the formation of the "American Missionary Association," on a pronounced antislavery basis. The reader of the "Memorial" will in vain consult the Index for any record of the matter. Let him look, however, for "votes by yea and nay," and he will find the following specimen of the red tape of the missionary circumlocution office: "The first time in which the Board is known to have decided a disputed question by a call of the roll of members, and the formal response of 'Yea'



or 'Nay,' was at Brooklyn, N. Y., in the year 1845. It was upon the adoption of a report on the subject of slave-holding in churches under the care of missionaries of the Board, made by a committee appointed the previous year. There have been only two other occasions on which this method was resorted to, and those were in connection with the same subject, at Hartford in 1854, and Philadelphia in 1859. The reader is referred, for the more important proceedings of the Board in relation to this matter, to the minutes of the annual meetings at Brooklyn in 1845, Boston in 1848, Hartford in 1854, Utica in 1855, and Philadelphia in 1859." What is "this matter" here spoken of? Is it "votes by yea and nay"? The grammatical structure of the passage implies this, though a slight examination shows that this structure is a contrivance for hiding in four lines of a bare reference the history of the proceedings of the Board in relation to slavery. The meeting in 1848 is mentioned as one in which "this matter" came up. Of the next meeting Dr. Anderson says: "The meeting at Pittsfield, in 1849, is known to have been preceded by an extraordinary amount of prayer, owing to a prevalent anxiety lest alienating discussions should arise; and it will be remembered by those who were present as a season of the most elevated Christian enjoyment." The subject of slavery was kept out by this "extraordinary amount of prayer," and the pious record of the fact is a significant illustration of the way in which the support of conservative piety has been secured. Dr. Anderson mentions, that the meeting at Hartford in 1854, when a vote on the subject of slavery was taken by yea and nay, "was perhaps the largest ever held, save the fiftieth," the Jubilee meeting; but he does not tell us that a desire to put the Board right on the subject of slavery gathered this unusual number of members. He might be excused from informing us whether he was the timid official who proposed "a season of prayer" to avert that vote by yea and nay, interesting as it would be to hear of that brave and eloquent divine who successfully resisted the "extraordinary amount of prayer" policy, and compelled decided action, at the risk of seeming to prefer the convictions of an honest conscience to the suggestions of the Board's Holy Ghost.

We did not need the suggestive facts set forth cautiously by Dr. Anderson to revert with unaffected sadness to the spectacle presented by the Board in pursuit of funds. It is a most ghastly spectacle for a mind burdened with the thought that every moment souls are sinking into eternal torment. It is fitted to smite such a heart with the most awful doubts of the reality of any conviction or character in his fellow-men, with blank atheism and utter paralysis of the power of faith, unless by the inner light there exist a knowledge of God adequate to sustain the downfall of the whole external edifice of creed and church. But we must not refuse this painful task of pointing out the contrast between the profession of belief in regard to the instant and eternal ruin of souls dying without Christ, and the efforts made in consequence of this belief. Dr. Anderson alludes to "the reluctance with which even good men give their money," and tells us that "the greatest difficulty in propagating the Gospel through the world is believed to be obtaining the funds." Assuming the facts set forth in the Orthodox creed, and speaking after the manner of their own ideas, the devil in the Christian world, as described by the limits of Orthodoxy, is harder to cast out than all the devils of pagan lands. Dr. Anderson refers at some length to the reports of an association embracing sixteen churches in Massachusetts, "as affording means for determining the laws which govern benevolent giving in rural districts." From this we learn that the 2,403 church-members within the limits of the association are found, by including all subscriptions, collections at the Monthly Concert, &c., to pay "the average annual amount" of \$1.36. This was the result of "a plan generally entered upon by the clergy of the association for receiving the regular and systematic contribution of a small stipulated sum from each member of the church"; and the Prudential Committee of the Board "highly approved of this method of increasing and concentrating the benevolent exertions of the professors of godliness, and respectfully suggested the utility and propriety of making it known to ministers of the Gospel extensively." We are authorized to conclude that \$1.36 is a larger "average annual amount" than is obtained generally in the country churches. Probably one hundred

cents\* — less than the average annual expenditure of the same persons for mere pleasures — represents the average desire of “a professor of godliness” out of our cities for the rescue of pagan souls from the certain (?) perils of hell! Dr. Anderson says that “a large part of the subscribers still did but very little,” more than one third paying not more in a year than twenty-five cents each “for the conversion of the world”! He also puts the case thus: “The expenditure has been more or less subject to arbitrary limitations, determined by the amount of receipts rather than by the actual necessities of the missions. Who can tell what an amount of good in missions has been thus annually sacrificed? Who has not sympathized with the disappointments and griefs of the missionaries? It is melancholy to think of the waste of influence thus occasioned in the missions since they reached the stages of manifest success. The churches have not seemed prepared for rapid progress. Instead of glad praises to God for thus answering prayer for the extension of His kingdom in foreign lands, the officers of the Board have often been put upon the painful task of showing that they have labored to the utmost to check the speed of their missionary trains.” One instance of this is thus alluded to in a quotation from an address of a secretary: “Well did one of the missionaries say, as he disbanded the schools of five thousand children, and let them go back to the embrace of heathenism, ‘What an offering to Swamy!’” We are also told that “the Board has of late years found itself much restricted in the educational department.” All this is plain and candid, though we regret to find the senior secretary for the most part silent, and even evasive, in regard to the actual correspondence between the professions and the practice of the patrons of the Board. He repeats the set formula which we have so often heard in missionary meetings, that “no missionary of the Board has ever yet been compelled to retire from the field, or to remain at home, for want of funds.” Let this be true in a sense, it is yet calculated to

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\* Even this estimate must be corrected by the fact that “an inquiry, prosecuted some twenty years since, made it seem highly probable that not more than two thirds of the church-members, even in the State of Massachusetts, then gave anything for the cause of foreign missions.”



convey the impression that the churches have fully sustained the advance of the missions, a thing which Dr. Anderson has shown us they have not begun to do. It is wholly false to say that, if a missionary gets his personal support, his "wants" as *a missionary* are supplied, when he cannot go on with the successful conduct of his work. Although Dr. Anderson touches so lightly on the restriction of the Board's operations in the educational department, the fact is a large and startling one; and it was his duty to have given at least a forcible statement of the demands of Christian education, and the necessity of disregarding them for lack of funds. He has heard, as we did, the passionate entreaties of aged missionaries that the schools might be maintained; and if he had not the candor and the courage to state the whole sad case himself, he might at least have solicited a single word from some honored servant of the Board. It is one of the odious elements of the spirit of the Board, that it always strives to make a fair show in the flesh, as if the corporate vanity of the body were a chief motive to be appealed to. The supporters of the Board will not half sustain its operations, and yet they must be continually complimented on their acceptance and employment of all who have offered. The simple fact is, as Dr. Anderson says, "the missions have grown faster than the habit of giving in the churches"; and yet this growth has been greatly hindered in the direction of education, and this giving has not even begun to indicate a genuine belief that money not given sends souls down to eternal hell. We compare these givers with their own creed. They believe a soul saved by conversion. By the statistics of the Board, the average cost of a conversion is not more than one hundred and fifty dollars. Now, if this conversion were such a boon, to be so secured, is it credible that there would not be found in the immense body represented by the Board enough persons able and willing to undertake the ransom of a soul every year to increase several hundred fold the receipts of the Board?

Every means has been resorted to for collecting funds, and yet none can be said to have succeeded. We are told that in the year 1839 the Board declared "that the contributions of the public would not be called forth, unless agents were employed

to make personal applications, and bring the matter home to all classes of people." So early as the year 1823, "an important effort was commenced to systematize and extend the organization for raising funds, which was prosecuted through several successive years. A plan of organization was carefully considered by the Prudential Committee, and published in the *Missionary Herald* for 1823." Larger auxiliaries to the number of "near fifty," and smaller associations to the number of about sixteen hundred, were formed. Of the latter, 923 were of men and 680 of women. "The main object of this local organization was to secure the annual appointment of a sufficient number of collectors, male and female, to present the application to every suitable person within the limits of the association." "After the lapse of twelve or fifteen years," says Dr. Anderson, "it was found that remittances were made by only one fourth of the men's associations, while more than two thirds of the associations composed wholly of women gave proof of an actual and healthful existence." More than half of these agencies died wholly, it appears, and we may infer that the causes which thus operated abated one half the efficiency of those which continued to remit signs of life. And yet Dr. Anderson, after explaining that the system "naturally suffered from the lapse of time," but "more from the fact that other benevolent societies, seeing its efficacy [!], had adopted it in many places," thus bringing "the use of collectors into disrepute," cannot close the paragraph without the comfortable and inconsistent statement, that "the system still exists substantially, and works to general satisfaction." It would be a curious problem to calculate how much failure would put an end to this smooth culture of corporate self-conceit. The Unitarian body, if it does forever criticise itself before the world, is at least free from this resolute content with the most ghastly failure. For our part, we do not desire its organizations and its members to resolve themselves into a mutual admiration society while redemption is but begun in the world. A state of honest self-reproach is preferable to the condition of "elevated Christian enjoyment" for which the Board so vigorously thanks God. Going up to the temple to pray thus is not the sum of Christian duty, however comfortable it may be.

Dr. Anderson goes on to inform us that hardly were these organizations effected before the Board was moved to the following action, clearly indicating an early apprehension of failure. A committee on the duties of the members of the Board reported that this plan of raising funds was "the most simple, effective, and desirable that had been devised for this purpose; that all previous measures had been abandoned as unsatisfactory, and that the most serious ill consequences were to be apprehended should the favor of the community toward the auxiliary societies be lost, or in any great degree diminished"; and they recommended making it the duty of the corporate members of the Board to attend the anniversary meetings of the auxiliaries, upon the requisition of the Prudential Committee and at the expense of the Board, as also the calling upon honorary members for a like service. This course was adopted, and the result is thus stated: "Historical truth requires the admission, that far less came from these proceedings of the Board than was anticipated by the remarkable man with whom they originated, Josiah Bissell, Jr., and by those kindred spirits who acted with him." If historical truth forces this "admission" of the failure of agencies which the Board paid its own members to look after, what might not appear upon a free and candid recital of the results of the Board's system! Dr. Anderson's chapter on the agencies concludes as follows: "The entire cost of the Agency—that is, of all the means for cultivating the missionary spirit in the churches and procuring the funds—has been between six and one third and six and one half per cent on the gross receipts. Who that has had experience of the reluctance with which even good men give their money, will not have a feeling of gratitude that the cost has been no more?"

The effort of the Board to save itself is one means which has been used to augment its receipts. If the Board is in peril from large and increasing debt, there is an access of energy in its members and agencies which the bare and trite idea of saving souls does not produce. Dr. Anderson says: "It is believed to be a fact, that the great permanent advances in the receipts of the Board all stand in immediate connection with its larger debts, and would seem to have resulted from the



effort to throw them off." The year 1842 furnishes an example. Letting our figures represent thousands, from 1836 to 1856 the receipts were (about) 176; 252; 236; 244; 241; 235; 318 (in 1842); 244; 236; 255; 262; 211; 254; 291; 251; 274; 301; 314; 305; 310; 307 (in 1856). These figures show that the great advance of 1842, when the second largest debt the Board has had was removed, was not at all permanent. The only "great permanent advance" to be found was made in 1837, under the quickening influence of commercial disaster and distress. The method of this advance sufficiently explains why it was not permanent. After repeated sessions to provide for the debt at the meeting in 1841, no result was reached when the time for adjournment for the year arrived. The Committee and Secretaries had almost threatened to resign, a Secretary had reminded them that it was for them to "say whether this or that soul should have eternal life," and every means had been used to awaken feeling. A special session was held, and a pledge obtained from every member to "increase his own subscription for the coming year at least twenty-five per cent above that of the last year," and to use all fit means to induce others to do the same. By sheer force of this pledge, extended as widely as possible, the money was raised. The other case of great advance was in 1860, in the culmination of a severe struggle to throw off debt, extending from 1857 to 1860. The old style of force could not be used, and the struggle dragged along to the year of the Jubilee meeting. Then came "a well-planned effort to remove the debt, suggested by a mercantile friend in Boston. The plan was," continues Dr. Anderson, "to raise sixty thousand dollars among merchants and others, by subscriptions of one thousand dollars each. It was somewhat modified, but the result was secured by comparatively a small number of persons." It is manifest that this was a desperate resort to free the Board from debt before the Jubilee meeting. The state of the case is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the Board expressed the "hope that the Prudential Committee will see their way clear to appropriate" for 1861 a sum sixty thousand dollars less than the amount raised in 1860. Those who attended the meeting know that strong protests were uttered against getting so

much ahead of the churches. They "are not prepared for rapid progress."

We had hoped to discuss in connection with this "Memorial Volume" the principles and working of the missions themselves, their interior policy, and the service which they may perform, especially the kind of agencies which they should make use of; but we find almost nothing in regard to the matter in this volume. Dr. Anderson does say, that "the civilizing agencies, as they have been called, have been found the most expensive, the most troublesome, and the least productive," and there are indistinct references to "the relinquishment of schools," "suspension of a seminary," a "new order of things," &c., but we get no definite information. We are precluded, therefore, from giving distinct evidence of the fact, which the meetings of the Board have sufficiently indicated, that narrow means have conspired with narrow notions to establish the policy of procuring technical conversions without adequate effort to improve general morality and social welfare by means of education and other civilizing agencies. Beyond this, it is still less the aim of the Board to co-operate with the course of events, the progress of discovery, and the movements of civilization, in securing the redemption of the dark lands to order, intelligence, and prosperity. We must leave these most interesting features of the work, therefore, and limit ourselves, in conclusion, to some brief suggestions touching the appeal to the public in behalf of any scheme of organized benevolence.

It is not wise or right to attempt to sustain organizations for benevolent work, like that of missions, by the support which can be gleaned from merely sentimental movements of religious activity. If the end is not one of definite and decided service, dictated by the soundest reason and the wisest charity, pointing to some good which clearly can and ought to be done, no such organization should meddle with it. The American Board is very largely the organ of an indefinite sentiment. It does not stand in the attitude of doing a distinct and real work. It has a large number of missions, for the most part almost, if not wholly, unproductive. A communication to the *New York Independent* of June 6, 1861, considers the Turkish missions as, "it might almost be said,

the only really productive and progressive operations of the Board," and proposes to reduce the expenses "simply by giving up the unproductive missions, — say those in India, Africa, and China." The Board is sustained by the minimum of contribution adequate to vindicate the professors of godliness, not by the application of principles to a distinct and certain work. The attitude of the Board seems to us to no small extent an instance of unconscious "false pretences." With ample piety, it pieces the incidents of success in isolated and often exceptional cases into a cover for the entire operations of the Board, and so maintains a certain hold upon the religious community embraced in Orthodoxy. The fact that the Board is really supported so stingily and grudgingly is itself an evidence that it does not present a good opportunity for investing money in doing a speedy and sure work of love. We must indeed ascribe this in a large measure to the secret protest of common sense against the pretence that God's care of his own offspring will not bring salvation unless man's Board procures "conversion," — to the secret consciousness of every sensible man that this "conversion" is mere wood, hay, and stubble, still leaving the real work of Christian civilization to be done; but a chief reason for the unquestioned ill-success of the Board is in the fact that it does not present evidence that it can make a good use of means, as such a use is estimated, not by sentimental piety, but by sober common-sense, wisely judging of the duty which is first. It is an error to say that missions as such are made obligatory by the law of the Gospel and the words of Christ. They were in the time of the Apostles, and we are bound to fulfil the whole spirit of that command. And when a work is within our reach, — in India, in Hayti, in Liberia, — then we must do it. But to assume that money must be raised, and a mission undertaken at random, or beyond the sphere of clearly defined good opportunity, simply that we may think that we have done our duty in the matter of missions, is the serious error of many good men. Place a given church in the midst of a heathen community, and it must become, like the early Church, a missionary organization. Not so placed, it cannot as readily undertake the work of missions; and by the law of what it can well do, or do best,



it must choose or decline this work. The Board assumes that a certain attempt at missions is in itself a Christian duty, and it thus stands on a false basis in its appeal to the benevolent, to a great degree failing of good work, and almost wholly failing to engage the means and men of the Orthodox churches to an extent at all consistent with their professions of faith and duty.

We will add here but a single remark, — that benevolent organizations like that of the American Board should confine their operations to gathering and administering funds in aid of those enterprises which can support their appeal by clear evidence of a good work already begun, and sure to be done to some extent even if no aid is rendered. We do not believe in throwing away help on a work that has taken no hold. It may display the benevolent, but it does not help the needy. It would be a noble enterprise to goad this eminently pious Board into a vigorous application of common sense to their operations, though we fear that it will not be undertaken soon enough to save the institution from a forced contraction which will be fatal to its support. Properly done, it would give for the first time a genuine vitality to its existence, a life deeper than sentiment. We do not forget that this basis for organized benevolence implies many new modes of Christian labor and enterprise, especially in the initiation of missions; but we think the growing sense of the Christian world will demand, and the course of events under Providence provide these. Although we may seem to deny the duty of *seeking* the lost, it would appear upon fuller consideration that we would rather improve the method of this search, — that we would especially conduct it in the channels really opened by Providence. This may be truly called the Missionary Age upon which we are now entering. The wave of sentiment has rolled by, and its record is before us. The time to apply principle, to direct the forces of civilization to the work of redeeming peoples and lands, is now at hand. The laws and prospects of that work will engage the Christian and the statesman, the scholar and the saint, and prove by their hold upon governments and peoples with how great a joy in all hearts the day of redemption draweth nigh.

## ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THEOLOGY.

WE welcomed the first volume of Dr. Stevens's work in the *Examiner* for March, 1859. It is now brought to a close. The third volume,\* now before us, continues the history of the Methodist movement in England, and sketches of the Methodist missions from England, after the death of Wesley in 1791, down to the great Jubilee in the hundredth year from the public or social beginnings of the movement,—the year 1839.

The author takes up the period in five divisions, making the first two about seven years each, the second ten each, and the last fourteen; and in each he gives, in successive chapters, the doings at the Conferences, and general progress of the cause, the lives, successes, and deaths of remarkable preachers, and then a review of the period.

If we were compelled to make comparisons where all is so interesting, perhaps we should single out as the most instructive portions the narrative of the slow and careful steps by which Methodism resigned the hope of reforming and regenerating the National Church while remaining in it;—the Conference, in 1792, deciding by lot to forbear giving the sacrament for a year, and forbidding Methodist service during church hours; in 1793, voting to grant the sacrament where unanimously desired, at the same time abolishing "all distinctions between ordained and unordained ministers"; in 1794, determining that the Lord's Supper should not be administered where the union of the society could be preserved without it; in 1795, that it should not be administered in the chapels on Sundays on which it is administered in the national churches. Next we should name as of rare interest the biographical portions of the volume;—for instance, the sketches of the scholars, Watson, Benson, Clarke; of the "village blacksmith" and the "Yorkshire farmer"; of Jonathan Saville, the poor little cripple, who made many rich and straight; and of many other eccentric and edifying spirits. And, finally, we should instance the narrative of the missions,—the self-sacrifice manifested in the repeated invasions of Africa, just trembling on the verge of Quixotism,—as full of affecting interest.

We are struck with two things, among many others, in reading these quaint and feeling accounts of the experiences and successes of converts;—first, what a happy illustration they afford of the influence of the heart in the culture of the head, seen in the development of the faculty of interpreting Scripture and man; and, secondly, the extraordinary revelation made of the susceptibility of human nature to be impressed through sympathy, by the narratives of the effects of

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\* The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Vol. III. New York: Carlton and Porter. 8vo. pp. 524.

preachers upon hardened sinners almost before they began to speak. Both on the intellectual and on the emotional sides, Methodism is a phenomenon which deserves every Christian's and every thinker's thoughtful study.

The author gives us the promise, which we hail with great satisfaction, of another work, to contain the separate and special history of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

Even if the denomination to which this publication is especially interesting were not the numerous one that it is, we still could not wonder at the acceptance and popularity implied by the first volume's having passed through twenty-four, and the second seventeen editions, within these four years. It is a noble record of a marvellous "movement" (we cannot escape that word), and we trust it has been and will be widely read beyond the wide limits of the Connection which has personal reasons to be charmed with its delineations and reminiscences. We congratulate our brethren, the Methodists, on having such an historian among them, and still more on having such a history; and we congratulate ourselves on being introduced, in a manner so graceful and genial, to such a vast and goodly company of confessors, such a noble army of martyrs, such a genuine representation, in many of the best characteristics, of the old original Apostles. Verily, the "Ages of Faith" and the age of miracles are not past. As we turn over page after page filled with the plain, touching, and moving story of what those devoted itinerants suffered in the shape of revilings, buffetings, and scourgings,—as we read how they resisted unto blood, testifying and striving against sin, how they carried their own earthly life in one hand and eternal life in the other, as an offering to the crowds that thus foully treated them,—two thoughts rise at once to our minds. The one is, Here again is that *mystery of iniquity* manifested of old in men's treatment of the meek and merciful Master, and the other is, "Here is the patience and the faith of the saints." And we hardly know which to marvel at the more, that men could inflict, or that men could endure, such outrages as the Methodists in England had to undergo.

We have said that this history interests not Methodists only, but all Christian people. We would add, that for all, whether Christians or not,—for all, at least, who can say, "I am a man, and count nothing that belongs to humanity foreign to me,"—these pictures of one of the most memorable movements of humanity—whether, with the lowest sceptic, you call it a sentimental *stampede*, or, with the admiring and adoring believer, a spiritual awakening and modern miracle—must surely possess a peculiar attraction. To us, at least, these brief biographies have proved no less interesting, if not far more so, than if they had been little romances. Romances, indeed, they are, of truth and nature and divine grace, "stranger than fiction." Since Mayhew's "London Labor and the London Poor," we have read nothing in this way so charming as many of these quaint and affecting sketches of the children of the spirit in which the volumes before us abound. We would gladly give specimens, if we knew where to begin or end in taking bricks out of so goodly a structure as samples of the building.



In regard to the manner in which Dr. Stevens has done his work, we have only to acknowledge in this new volume the same merits as we found in its predecessors ; the same felicity in the distribution of his matter, combining the biographic and the annalistic methods ; the same vigorous and spirited style ; the same wise and kindly tone of remark ; the same genial, gentlemanly, scholarly, charitable spirit.

But we express only a very small part of the value of these volumes when we describe them as full of entertaining matter skilfully handled ; they are full of edifying lessons for the seeker of Christian wisdom.

The term "Methodist," first given, it would seem, in derision or disparagement, and accepted with a proper sense of the fact that the foolishness of men is the wisdom of God, was retained, we may well believe, not without a feeling that it expressed or hinted a great deal of truth and wisdom, which, in the things of religion, is generally too little appreciated. Although cavillers will associate with the name Methodist only the idea of a *martinet* in moral discipline, and, in the matters of religious experience, of one so much a devotee of method as to deserve the name of a *methodistic* man, a spiritual mechanic, — and although calumniators will sweepingly say, "Much ignorance hath made them mad, — their method is the method of madness," — a wise and right-minded observer, and especially a lover of the simplicity of the Gospel, will have suggested to him by the title of Methodist quite other thoughts. These people, he will say to himself, mean to keep themselves reminded that there is a way of life, a method of salvation ; they mean to remember Him who is himself "the way." They believe, and mean practically to keep in mind, that in spiritual no less than in secular things there must be an adaptation of means to ends. They hold, too, that where there is a will, there is a way ; and admirably have they proved themselves, by their fidelity to these simple truths, an exception to that interpretation, at least, of the saying of Jesus, which has it, that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light are in theirs.

Wisdom, — certainly this is the quality which the Methodist movement, in its beginnings, in the persons of its first leaders and subsequent guides, prominently illustrates. Wise *steersmen* for Christ, (to adopt, or adapt, the image of one of their preachers,\*) they have certainly proved themselves in the storms of Church and State through which they have been called to pass. And, indeed, is there any better explanation of the wondrous union of so much wisdom with so much enthusiasm — what their enemies would call so much method with so much madness — than to ascribe this fine balance of qualities to the possession of the secret of apostolic simplicity ?

Candor, indeed, constrains us to confess that, while the very name of Methodist tells to a thoughtful mind so many of the good points of the denomination that bears it, it also bespeaks some of their leading errors or dangers. It should caution them not to forget, what, indeed, they

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\* "Under-rowers," Benson, p. 63.

themselves profess, as well as ourselves, to remember, that God's "ways are not as our ways," and to be careful that we do not "limit," by our methods either of speech or of action, "the Holy One of Israel." And we gratefully acknowledge that Methodism, especially when we take into account a great deal of its material in past times, has memorably guarded itself against this rock.

But there is another liability from which we are not quite so sure that our Methodist brethren take sufficient care to keep clear. In reading the glowing and rapturous records of the experience of ministers and converts, the question has forced itself upon us, Is there not a danger, in all this, that selfishness, self-enjoyment, spiritual dissipation, will creep in under the very guise of piety and devotion? And what has suggested this question has been our perceiving, or seeming to perceive, a stress laid upon states of feeling, as if desirable for their own sake, — as if feeling were to be sought as an end, and not merely as evidence or motive of action. In a word, we have feared that the social and sentimental elements combined were liable, where so much use is made of sympathy in religion, to lead people away from that very simplicity and soberness of Christ and the Apostles which we have always supposed to be one of Methodism's great ideals. He, certainly, whom we call our Master and Model was very far from encouraging anything scenical or sentimental in the simple and serious matter of the religious life.

Full well do we remember, indeed, and hope we appreciate the significance of the fact, that the same Teacher who said, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" also said, "Out of the abundance of the heart *the mouth speaketh*." And if the question had to be met, what class of Christians has both spoken the most fervently and worked the most faithfully for Christ, we certainly feel that the Methodists would not be behind any.

And perhaps our being tempted to make the suggestion we have made in regard to the comparative value of emotion, as a thing to be sought for and relied upon, arises partly from the fact, that the historian of a movement like the Methodist one naturally makes most prominent those manifestations which were most characteristic and peculiar to the people he writes of, — the relations of their experience, and the expressions of their feelings, — dwelling less on those quiet, more retired, less romantic, yet not less real and precious, proofs of true religion and Christianity which daily domestic, social, neighborly, and civil life affords, and which are presented alike by all true people of the Lord.

So that, after all, we would have far more emphasis laid on our gratitude for what Methodism has done and is doing, than on our criticism of its liability to morbid moods or movements. We thank the Methodists for what they have done to keep alive the sense of a living connection (the true Apostolic succession) between the Apostolic age and ours, in the community of one continuous work and warfare of the spirit. We thank the historian of "the religious movement called Methodism," and the body he represents, for reminding us so impressively that the Christian religion, as it was a *movement* in the begin-

ning, is always, where really believed and received, a living and onward-moving force, and the Christian Church a militant and missionary brotherhood. We thank them for what they have done to keep the waters of Christian life, which are always in danger of stagnating, constantly astir, ever full and flowing, fresh and sparkling, — a mighty river of spiritual life, bearing health to man, and reflecting the glory of Heaven. We honor them for the steadfastness with which they have labored to keep up in Christendom the *sensation* of the great facts on which so much of the power of the Gospel rests, as of things newly transpired, or even now transpiring; — to make men feel that the Saviour and the Apostles are, by the Holy Spirit, still speaking and acting on the earth; that the world is still lifting up Christ on the cross, and he still yearning to draw all men unto him with those outstretched arms of supplication and benediction.

There are many particular services to be gratefully acknowledged which the Methodists have done the cause of truth and righteousness and charity. We are under especial obligations to them for the noble stand they have generally taken on the side of liberty and liberality in religion, — for honoring *the man* in man above any mere conventional characters, however imposing the authority of investiture. In their combination of freedom and flexibility with religious fervor, — in their recognition of the principle that the *one faith*, “the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,” may take many forms of expression in creed and character, and must adapt its method of manifestation to the changing phases of what the world calls human progress, and the believer calls the Divine Providence, — the history of Methodism shows a remarkable degree of the wisdom of Christ dwelling in his disciples. The deliberations and doings of the Conferences during those revolutionary years which followed the death of John Wesley are most honorable to them. In that troublous and threatening time, when “without were fightings, within were fears,” the patience and firmness and kindness with which these servants of their God and their generation strove to keep themselves unspotted from the world while they toiled and prayed and watched for the world, to help and heal its maladies, deserve high praise.

We look forward with the highest interest to the promised volume, or volumes, in which Dr. Stevens is to give us the history of his Church in this country. We feel that this task will give great occasion for his already so well proved candor, discrimination, charity, and perception of the great end of the Gospel. In passing from the old country to this, and in coming down from old times to these, one has to confess that Christian souls and societies have a peculiar work and warfare committed to them, in the double capacity they now and here sustain of citizens of this world and citizens of the heavenly. Though Christ's kingdom is not of this world, our position in this country and this age reminds us most powerfully that it is for this world; that the Christian Church has not merely to escape, to conquer, to convert, but to help guide and govern the world; that the grace, wisdom, and courage of the disciple must be manifested also in his carrying the great senti-



ments and principles of Christianity into political as well as personal relations. Here is one of the sorest points of trial with our religious bodies. Here is one of the great tests whether a church will prefer self-aggrandizement to the self-sacrificing spirit of Him who lived and died for man, — whether it will be true to the principle, “first pure, then peaceable.”

For the present, then, we part with our Methodist historian gratefully, as well as hopefully. We thank him for his manliness, his candor, and his kindly spirit. We thank him for his labor of love, — for his beautiful pictures of a faith which “is abhorrent to the spirit of sectarianism”; which “meets all upon the common ground of loving the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity”; whose “sole object is to revive and extend Christianity in all churches, in all the world”; which “teaches us to place religion, not in forms and opinions only, but in a renewed nature, and especially in the Christian temper”; \* — and we conclude with expressing our conviction that a large share of the praise will, under God, be due to the Methodists, in the day when we all cease to see in part, when there shall be one brotherhood of faith, and God shall be all in all.

THE remarkable dissertations which have appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Revue de Théologie* and the *Revue Germanique*, have prepared us to welcome any work which may bear the name of Michel Nicolas. No writer has done more to condense and popularize in France the best results of German criticism and philosophy than the learned Professor in the Protestant school at Montauban. His residence in Berlin, and in several other of the principal German universities, his acquaintance with many of the leading thinkers and with most of the important theological treatises of Germany, and his brave sympathy with free thought and fearless investigation, have made him more than any other person the representative of the German mind in France. He is exceedingly feared by the Romanist and the Reactionary parties; and those who cannot answer his views with argument abuse him without stint, as an infidel and a blasphemer. Yet Nicolas is neither a very destructive critic nor a mere echo of the German rationalists. Radical as his views frequently are, their tone is moderate, and they are stated with an admirable calmness and candor. He is, moreover, by no means a blind worshipper of any German doctor, or an adherent of any school. He uses the opinions of Vater, De Wette, Gesenius, Ewald, Bleek, and Knobel, but does not bind himself to the decisions of any one of them. He is an acute, original, and independent thinker, and his force of expression is equal to the vigor of his thought. As a literary work, his new volume of Critical Studies on the Old Testament † has few superiors in its kind. It can be read without fatigue, even by one not wonted to theological discussions.

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\* Watson, p. 87.

† *Études Critiques sur la Bible. Ancien Testament.* Par MICHEL NICOLAS. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1862. 8vo. pp. viii., 442.

The volume contains four principal dissertations, each divided into several chapters. The first is on the "Origin and Formation of the Pentateuch"; the second, on the "General Principles of Mosaism"; the third on "Mosaism from the Death of Joshua to the last Days of the Monarchy"; and the fourth, on "Hebrew Prophetism." The uniting plan of all these parts is a history of the Mosaic doctrine in the Hebrew mind,—of its source and its development. Nicolas believes that the theory of a single religion among the Jews is a mistake, unwarranted by anything in the record. He finds in all the annals and legends of the sacred books the evident proof that the Jews had *two* religions, one an *idolatrous* monotheism, the other a *spiritual* monotheism;—the first, the religion of the great majority of the people down to the time of the later prophets; the other, the religion of a small, but a zealous and determined minority. The first religion was the worship of "Elohim"; the other was the worship of "Jehovah." Nicolas does not limit this division between Elohimism and Jehovism to a few chapters of Genesis, but discovers it in all the course of the narrative,—throughout the Pentateuch, in the books of Joshua and Judges, of the Kings, the Chronicles, the Prophets, and the Hagio-graphs. It is a pervading distinction, which gives the key to the whole story. Without it, the narrative is confused, unintelligible, and hopelessly contradictory. Nicolas carefully distinguishes between the Elohistie idolatry and the idolatry of Polytheism. He would not confound the images of Elohim which were set up in the "high places" and the sacred cities with the images of heathen gods. He vindicates the unity of Elohim as much as the unity of Jehovah. But the religion of Jehovah was the worship of Elohim purified of its sensuous and idolatrous character,—elevated and spiritualized. "Mosaism" is "Jehovism"; Moses was the reformer who set Jehovah in the place of Elohim. Both religions had their prophets; but the prophets whose writings have come down to us were Jehovist prophets, contending with the prophets of the idolatrous faith. The religion of Moses triumphed only after a thousand years or more of severe and obstinate struggle. The priesthood were always against it, and for the most part the kings were against it, since it never sanctioned any ruling power but that of Jehovah. The two great ideas of Moses were of Jehovah as a being purely spiritual, who could only be defined as "self-existence," and Jehovah as the head of a democratic state. These ideas were kept alive among the people, not by the influence of ritual and the temple worship and the sacrifices, which were always "Elohistie," but by the word of prophets, which began very early and was continued until king and priest had been fairly converted. Then, when there was no longer any need of it, the word of the prophets ceased, and doctors of the law quietly took their place.

We have given the leading idea of the book, which all the details illustrate. But very numerous incidental questions are discussed, and many interesting facts of Biblical criticism are brought to light. Nicolas rejects entirely Ewald's fanciful theory of the first four books of the Pentateuch, holding that the late compiler simply adjusted the ancient

fragments which came to his hand, without rewriting them or altering them in any important particular. To the book of Deuteronomy, in common with all intelligent critics, he assigns a much later origin than to the rest of the Pentateuch. He denies wholly that the Jehovistic *prophets* were regarded as "seers" or "diviners"; their office was not to foretell future events, but to restore the Mosaic faith. He calls attention to the fact that very little allusion is made in the historical books of the Kings, in the Psalms, or the Proverbs, to Moses and his Law, and that for ages the laws of Moses seem almost unknown to the priests and Levites. He finds Messianic hope only in the Jehovist faith. We are not prepared to assent to all the arguments, or to adopt all the conclusions, of this writer. Only careful study of the original would fit one to decide upon positions so novel. Yet we can heartily commend the spirit of this volume, and can say that its theory has a good deal that is reasonable and is plausible. It is a great improvement on the theory of Hengstenberg. Another volume of "Critical Studies upon the New Testament," by M. Nicolas, is announced, of which we shall hasten to give account to our readers when it comes to hand.

A GOOD history of Sunday is much to be desired. No work would be more welcome than one which should fix its foundation, explain its uses, and remove the false notions which have fastened themselves to the sacred day. Dr. Hessey, in his volume of Bampton Lectures,\* has attempted this. We cannot say that he has succeeded. His book shows diligence in investigation, respectable scholarship, and some logical ingenuity, but cannot be accepted either as a full or a fair statement of the case. The theory which he advocates is a gratuitous assumption, and is supported rather by force of reiteration than by any solid argument. It is quite as untenable as the strict Sabbatarian theory. Mr. Hessey maintains, without a particle of evidence from the Scripture, or even from the early Christian Fathers, that the Lord's day was directly instituted as a permanent and binding institution for Christian observance, to be kept, not indeed in the same manner, but with the same scrupulous fidelity, as the Sabbath of the Jews. He puts it on the same positive basis of command as Baptism and the Supper, and establishes its sacredness by Apostolic authority. He does not, indeed, venture to say that Jesus enjoined any such new festival, or fixed any day as a regular memorial of himself: yet there is throughout the argument an implication that the Saviour intended that the new festival should take the place of the ancient Sabbath. Mr. Hessey has an equal controversy with those who maintain the Sabbatarian

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\* Sunday, its Origin, History, and Present Obligation, considered in Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford in the Year MDCCCLX. on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M. A., Canon of Salisbury. By JAMES AUGUSTUS HESSEY, D. C. L., Head Master of Merchant Taylor's School, Preacher to the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn, Sometime Fellow of St. John's College, and Select Preacher in the University. London: John Murray. 1860. 8vo. pp. 520.



theory, and with those who maintain the purely Ecclesiastical theory. He is as unwilling to admit that the Sunday is a creation of the Church, as that it rests upon the fourth statute of Moses. His common sense will not allow him to confound it with the day enjoined to Israel in the Decalogue, yet he is afraid to give up its Divine authority, afraid to disconnect its origin from inspired teaching. The reader has a secret feeling that Mr. Hessey does not believe his theory, and that he would gladly take more liberal ground if he dared to. The proofs of the book certainly show that the Ecclesiastical theory is the true one;—that Sunday, as the Church adopted it, was only the consecration of an ancient custom, which in the beginning was not binding upon any believer. No candid student of the New Testament will find that the Apostles enjoined any sacred day. They came together, indeed, on the Lord's day to break bread, but no rules are given which in any other respect separate the Lord's day from common days. Jesus himself did not abrogate the Sabbath; nor is it probable that the Jewish converts to Christianity for the first thirty years ceased to observe the solemn seventh-day rest of their nation. All attempts that we have seen to make the Saviour a dictator of any sacred time or season, or a reformer in the matter of religious ceremonies, are signal failures. Jesus did not counsel the breaking of the Sabbath, or the disregard of the Sabbath, but only advised and vindicated its spiritual use. He left the day, as an external institution, as he found it, to be modified by the future, according to exigencies and necessities. The Sabbath fairly ceased only when the Christian Church became a Gentile body, which neither knew nor wished for such an institution.

Seven of the eight Lectures of Dr. Hessey's volume are occupied with the discussion of the sanction and the history of Sunday. The eighth attempts to state its uses, and the best method of keeping it. The views of the writer on this last topic are intelligent and liberal, but, unfortunately, are not stated with much force or clearness. Indeed, the whole volume is confused, both in its arrangement and its style. The notes at the end, though abundant, and sometimes valuable, do not much assist in the understanding of the text; and the last impression of the book is one of disappointment. The principal authority is that most arrogant, prejudiced, and untrustworthy of all German theologians, Hengstenberg of Berlin. We must wait for a freer and more comprehensive book. There seems to be a fatality of doubtfulness and fear attending the chosen lecturers on the Bampton foundation. Liberal men become timid and irresolute when called to work with these restrictions, and have, like Mr. Hessey in this work, to parade on the title-page a list of their honorable functions to secure in advance a favorable verdict. Stanley and Jowett need no such imposing list of titles to commend their unfettered scholarship and thought.

THE Christian Church and Society in 1861,\* by M. Guizot, is a book

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\* *L'Église et la Société Chrétiennes en 1861.* Par M. GUIZOT. Paris : Michel Lévy Frères. 1861. pp. 272.

which, with a tendency and an object we cannot but pity and repel, is full of thoughts we cannot but heed and ponder. It is the natural result of a mind conservative by nature, made more conservative by the sharp experience of an eventful life. It is the utterance of that practical timidity which shrinks from searching beneath the slumbering volcano of European society for the solid ground of freedom and of right—universal and everlasting—on which the Christian Church and Society of the future is slowly building. The Christian Church to M. Guizot does not mean the Roman Catholic or the Protestant Church. It embraces all who honor the name of Christ and receive the faith which he announced to men. Among them—call them Catholics or Protestants, Lutherans, Calvinists, Episcopalians, Dissenters—he knows no difference. While men continue free to think, you cannot fuse these sects; our nature and our destiny alike render it impossible. Yet infolding them all there is a Christian unity. Now, while Catholicism is menaced in its temporal power, the whole Christian Church is exposed to profounder peril. That peril is of an intellectual sort. It is not the Christian religion as a social institution, it is the Christian faith itself which is attacked. Materialism, pantheism, rationalism, historical criticism, scepticism, all assail it. Yet everywhere among its assailants there is a spirit of disquietude, of anxiety. Whence comes it, but from the fact that they see that the blows which they level at dogmatic Christianity are making the whole edifice of religion reel to its base? These attacks of whatever sort all spring from one source, and tend to one end:—the denial of the supernatural; the elimination of that element from the Christian religion, as from all religion, in its history and its dogmas; the theory that the moral, like the physical nature, is governed by general laws permanent and necessary.

In the presence of such attacks all Christians have one interest and one duty. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the spirit of reform wrestled with abuses, the fundamental doctrines of Christianity were not in question. Out of those struggles has been evolved the practical doctrine of religious liberty,—that is, of liberty of thought and of conscience in matters of religion. But it is said that complete religious liberty is only possible when Church and State are wholly separate. If that were so, it would be a deplorable consequence of an excellent principle; for thus religious and civil society would lose much moral authority, dignity, and security. The course of events and the progress of ideas have demonstrated the sad condition into which both Church and State will fall through a false alliance, but they have not demonstrated the necessity of separation,—rather are religion and society to advance together. The Protestant Church in France suffers from the same evil which afflicts the whole Christian Church, and it is also very far from enjoying all the rights to which it is entitled. It is a commonplace of history, that since the sixteenth century Catholicism has been adverse to liberty. It might with safety recognize the principle of religious liberty, perhaps it will, for that principle touches none of the essential bases of Catholicism, neither the unity nor the spiritual infallibility of the Church and its chief. But religious liberty does not

consist solely in the right, personal and isolated, of each man to profess his own faith, but also in the right of each church to frame its own laws and govern itself in its own way; and that is the right which is to-day assailed in the person of the Pope. They seek to despoil the spiritual chief of the Catholic Church of a character and a position which for ages that Church has regarded as the guaranty of its independence. We will not accuse Cavour of a cynical and scoffing hypocrisy when he took for his watchword, "Free Church in a free country," but if he had done as the United States did, pronounced the absolute separation of Church and State, leaving the Catholic Church in possession of the institutions he found it in the enjoyment of, he would have had some right to use those words; but to proclaim the Church free, when he sought only to despoil and overturn it, is a mockery without parallel, which only the drunkenness of ambition and of success could have made a great mind capable of. Guizot's conservatism exhibits itself at this point in a melancholy light. He will see nothing in the labors of Gioberti, and Rosmini, and Silvio Pellico, and Manzoni, but political objects; as if, where ecclesiastics are the heads of the State, political reform did not concern the Church also.

Leaving the Church and entering the State, Guizot finds the difference between the Pagan and Christian civilization to be, that to the former all strangers were enemies, to the latter all men are brethren, and each man an individual, and proceeds to discuss the independence of Italy, liberty in Italy, and Italian unity, — the first due to France, the second a mistake and a perversion, the third a chimera. The Papacy in Italy — that scandal of our civilization next after the sentiment of England toward this country at this present writing — occurs to M. Guizot as by no means so bad as it has been depicted, while the revolutionary and pernicious doctrine of universal suffrage is sure to call forth the contempt of all enlightened minds. "We have not repelled the outrages and the lies of absolute power in order to accept the lies and the outrages of universal suffrage." Prince Metternich — that aged Austrian jailer — used to say that Italy was only a geographical expression. Guizot will not go so far, but has a decided opinion that an Italian Confederation would prove a much better thing than a kingdom of Italy. As Guizot grows older, he does not in many things grow wiser. His whole view of Italy and the Catholic Church, monstrous as it seems to us in an enlightened Protestant, is explicable if we remember how the "wise conservatism" of the statesman will often crystallize into unwholesome dogmas when cabinet councils are changed for private reveries. Yet there is a hopeful chapter upon "The Future of Europe," which deserves to be read, not less for the compactness and finish of the style, than for the contrast it affords between the healthy convictions of the Christian philosopher and the gloomy forebodings of the disappointed statesman. There is a chapter at the close, entitled "Our Mistakes and our Hopes," written in 1855. And at last shall "false ideas and anarchical and tyrannical passions be powerless, and Christian society shall be saved."



It is a very interesting thing to us, that the same month brings us two books of devotion so different in their type, and each so excellent in its way, as those whose titles we give below ; \* — the interval between them spanning the full diameter of that circle of religious thoughts and affinities which our liberal churches represent. The discussion which has gone on in a friendly way, these many years, on the merits of liturgical and congregational forms of worship, could hardly have a fairer illustration. And we could not wish a completer proof that there is no one absolute answer to the question raised ; that each meets a type, or mood, or element, of the religious life not possible to be satisfied by the other.

The Book of Worship issued by our New York friends in all its externals satisfies our idea of what such a book should be. It is soberly handsome in style, with fair, large type, clear in its directions, abundant in material, bringing easily before the eye the word, or thought, or form which hallowed usage makes us willing to retain. Its fondness for ecclesiastical language verges upon quaintness, and removes the utterance of the Church as far as we could possibly consent from that of the street, the workshop, and the home. It would not be fair to criticise it as a form of "Common Prayer" to be rigidly observed, or urged on us by any sort of church authority. A prejudice, in the main wholesome, will not suffer in our churches any wide departure from the simple rites of Congregationalism ; and the fervent flow of unpremeditated utterance will rightly stand to our minds as the highest type of public devotion. But every minister knows in his own experience the value of something which he can use as a model and a manual, or as a treasury of holy thought clothed in fit phrase. A liturgy is apt to be a good deal more valuable for what it suggests than for what it dictates. And for a collection of such devotional material, on the whole more full, more rich, more various, and arranged with more freedom and better taste than any other we are acquainted with, we cordially welcome this. We like especially the great variety in tone, and the great general lyrical beauty, of the hymns — about two hundred — which the book contains. We like also that feature in it which gives so many admirable arrangements of church anthems and chants and responsive services, of which a well-trained choir will make excellent use. We are glad that the noble and grave style of the Collects and Litanies, borrowed largely from the Anglican service, is likely to be brought more familiarly home to our congregations. And, whatever a church or a minister may decide on as the best form in a given case, we should be glad to see this beautiful manual in every congregation and household of those who cherish a liberal faith. We sincerely hope it may prove to be, not the unvarying type and model of our Sunday service, but the recognized and accepted manual for which we have long been waiting, the familiar companion of the closet, the sanctuary, and the home.

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\* *Christian Worship. Services for the Church, with Order of Vespers, and Hymns.* New York : James Miller.

*Prayers.* By THEODORE PARKER. Boston : Walker, Wise, & Co.

As a help to avoid the formalism and dryness of stated devotions, — which often a liturgy rather aggravates than relieves, — we cannot think of anything more exactly fitted than the volume of Theodore Parker's Prayers. It would be easy to find fault with its phraseology here and there, and to point out the elements lacking in it as an expression of the entire circle of Christian devout thought. But it is more grateful to see in it the fit and timely complement of such a book as we have just described. Fresh, free, and unimpeded, the religious emotion clothes itself in just the words which express most heartily its reverence, gratitude, and joy. The poetry of the outward world is here, the procession of the seasons, with their manifold suggestion of glory and beauty, the simple home affections, glad memories of noble men, lessons of the past, hopes of the future, the events and thoughts that make up the life of the day, the common conditions and sorrows of humanity, the beauty and the fragrance of holiness in its homely and familiar forms. All these flow in a rich, full, even stream, bearing in every part the stamp of that powerful individuality, that strong affection, that courageous and confident piety. If we seek a type of devotion which shall express the absolute freedom of the religious life, untrammelled by forms, unfettered by creeds, unbound by any limitations of duty and thought not recognized in the actual experience of life, it is hard to imagine it more complete than we find it here. Not as model, but as suggestion, it is the most perfect representative of that element, or style, of public worship; and it is profoundly interesting, besides, as a genuine record of a ministry which filled so real and so marked a place in the religious history of the time.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

VERY rarely has a statesman and man of letters won a position so completely cosmopolitan as De Tocqueville. By birth he was of the old *noblesse* of France, — of a house so kindly and popular in its neighborhood that, in the fury of the first revolution, nothing of its possessions was destroyed except its one feudal monopoly, a flock of some three thousand pigeons, with the old tower that served as dove-cot. By choice attached to the restored monarchy, and lamenting the Orleans accession in 1830, he found refuge in America, which he traversed with eager interest from coast to forest, and founded his first literary reputation on a careful study of our Democracy, with a perpetual, silent reference to that of France. By marriage, his affections, interests, and friendships became largely English; much of his most intimate correspondence is across the Channel; and in his despondency as to the fate of France, he turns perpetually, with equal frankness of admiration and of criticism, to the stability of English law and the stanchness of English nationality. Of slender constitution and broken health, he spends whole seasons in the sunnier parts of Italy, watching with very little hope those germs of independence which flowered out so suddenly almost the very moment after his death. And Germany, in its remains of feudal custom, its traditions, and its illustrations of local law, made

one of his largest fields of study for his latest great work, on "The *Ancien Régime* and the Revolution." A minister of state of Louis Napoleon in his Presidency, and member of the Assembly which watched so warily the steps of the "Prince President" towards the Empire, he was seized in the great arrest of the *coup d'état* of 1851, stood two hours in the rain of that December afternoon among near three hundred of the first gentlemen of France, and was herded with them in the barrack-loft, where they passed the night with the practical philosophy and fun of so many school-boys.

We have said enough to show the sort and variety of interest to be found in the two volumes of De Tocqueville's *Memoir and Correspondence*.\* The biography is a mere sketch, very brief, very warm in its admiring friendship; perhaps also a little meagre and disappointing. A brief personal narrative follows, of a fortnight in the forests of Michigan, in 1831, and of a sojourn in Sicily, — both of them interesting, but not particularly so. Two sketches follow, or rather studies, on France before the Revolution, and before the Consulate, — earlier studies for his later work. Probably no one has ever explored the condition of France in the eighteenth century, with the merits and defects of the old *régime*, so intimately as De Tocqueville. A paper in the *Westminster Review* of October, 1856, gives an admirable account of the mature work, of which he had contributed this earlier sketch to the same journal twenty years before. The careful comparison between England and France, in respect to landed property, the growth of wealth, and the distribution of class power, as well as the political tendencies of each, makes these essays eminently worthy of attention.

The comparison is followed up in a great many arguments and references of the *Correspondence*, which makes considerably more than half of these volumes. That society in England "sacrifices the well-being of the poor," De Tocqueville warmly insists. But he sees in the English aristocracy a great rampart of personal liberty, — always in danger of being swept away by democracy with its social despotism. Its influence on the middle classes he traces very keenly: with so brilliant a prize within their possible reach, they have no disposition to assail the aristocracy; they would rather "play double or quits." (Vol. II. p. 17.) Again, "The public opinion of England is the grand jury of mankind in the cause of freedom; and if its verdict were to acquit the oppressor, the oppressed would have no other resource but in God." "If ever she should forget that she is the champion of liberty, the hate and terror of all the Continental despots will force it on her remembrance." (pp. 187, 210.) At the same time, England is regarded with no goodwill by the people of Europe; and while "much of this is without doubt to be attributed to the evil passions which make men always desire the fall of the prosperous and the strong, much belongs to a less dishonorable cause; — to the conviction of all nations that England considers them only with reference to her own greatness; that she never

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\* *Memoir, Letters, and Remains of ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.* Translated from the French. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 2 vols.



notices what passes among foreigners, — what they think, feel, suffer, or do, — but with relation to the use which England can make of their actions, their sufferings, their feelings, and their thoughts; and that, when she seems most to care for them, she really only cares for herself.” (p. 393.) “In the eyes of an Englishman, a cause is just if it be the interest of England that it should succeed. A man or a government that is useful to England has every kind of merit, and one that does England harm, every kind of fault.” A judgment it would be hardly fair to quote, except from so sincere and intelligent an admirer.

Many of the particular remarks and observations in these volumes are well worth keeping by themselves. The judgment of the Swiss republic expresses the very thought which for the last year has guided the counsels of our best public men, — that it is a “league, and not a federation, — without exception the most impotent, weak, awkward, and incapable machine to lead a nation to anything but anarchy.” (Vol. II. p. 36.) An interesting comment on schemes of public finance is found in the statement, that the prosperity of the lower classes in France grew in great part out of the issue of *assignats*, which have become almost a synonyme of national bankruptcy and commercial ruin. The testimony of this correspondence is clear and curious, as to the improvement in condition, along with the decrease of numbers, among the body of the French population (Vol. II. p. 351), and the tendency of the imperial government to oppress the rich in favor of the poor. (p. 336.) A very valuable piece of historical testimony is found in De Tocqueville’s narrative, given in familiar letters, of the great crime of the 2d of December, known as the *coup d’état*. As one of the sufferers by this act, he was not only deeply alienated from the government of Louis Napoleon, but became anxious, desponding, and prophetic of evil for France. His account of his own connection with the siege of Rome in 1849, and the spirit of the instructions given to Oudinot, throws an important side-light on that remarkable act of state necessity. It was “not want, but ideas,” according to him, that brought about the revolution of 1848; and among the most curious of his expositions of the earlier revolution is that in which he traces the growth in the privileged classes of those opinions which proved so swiftly fatal.

De Tocqueville notices with regret the dropping out of public virtues, in France, from the received code of Christian morals (Vol. II. p. 317), and contrasts the present time with that just within his own recollection, when patriotism and loyalty were taught along with the child’s first lessons of religion. Many of his remarks on this subject are earnest and instructive. He is struck mournfully by the decline in many of the higher virtues, along with the gain in many material comforts, since the elder monarchy; and by the contrast he finds in England and in America, where “political freedom rather increases than diminishes religious feeling.” He contrasts also the violence of public speech in England with moderation of action; and says that half of what is said there at a dinner or on the hustings, without mischief, would in France imply a revolution. France he sees steadily drifting towards democracy, — a consummation which he regards with more of dread than

hope; and he is anxious to impress on his countrymen, as one lesson of his American experience, the felt need of universal education, and "the habit of submitting willingly to law, which, in my opinion, is the only counterpoise to democracy." (Vol. I. p. 297.)

WE hope to see this interesting memoir of a real discoverer and a true man in print among our adopted literature, with its admirable maps and beautiful illustrations.\* A man who, in his sixty-fifth year, will volunteer a voyage to Australia to test his theory of the deflection of the compass upon iron ships, deserves to be known and honored by our enterprising countrymen. But besides his many scientific discoveries regarding snow, the Arctic regions, magnetism, the Atlantic waves, deep-sea soundings, and ocean currents, which won for Dr. Scoresby the diplomas of twenty-five distinguished societies, the brave mariner went through a religious change which consecrated his later manhood to the service of the Church as well as the service of humanity. His mind shared perfectly the intense activity of his body. Even after advancing years had enfeebled his frame, and disease threatened his life, he could not intermit the exhausting labor of his pen or his voice. As we find that the effort of preparing his last voyage for the press really precipitated his death, it is impossible to forget his likeness to Dr. Kane, whose fame was earned in the same seas where Scoresby first distinguished himself, and was secured by those remarkable volumes of narrative into which his ebbing life was in like manner poured.

The spiritual experience and ministerial career of this really heroic man of science will, we doubt not, endear his name to many who had known no more of William Scoresby than as a successful Arctic navigator, an entertaining lecturer on science, a persevering investigator of nature, and a disinterested promoter of science in every form.

WE will answer for it that the Rev. T. Goodwin belongs to that side of the Church of England which calls the communion-table altar, and likes to put candles on it, and is learned in pix and pax, chasuble and dalmatic, lectern and rood, and all the ecclesiologies. If he is not, his copy of the manner thereof is something wonderful. He seems to be a man of sensitive make and pure taste, but prudishly fastidious in art-matters, verging toward the priggish and intolerant. His theologizing, where it peeps out by the way, and especially in the note upon the representation of angels in art, is an amazing exposition of solemn trifling. It could come only out of the depths of the "ages of faith" and of darkness, now happily somewhat passed; or from the bosom of a Church which is at this moment copying the folly and sin of those times, in arraigning free and reverent inquiry before ecclesiastical courts of inquisition, and in fleecing Greek learning of its just wage for lectures upon *Æschylus's* Tragedies, on suspicion of its heretical dealing with the Epistles of St. Paul.

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\* Life of William Scoresby, D. D., F. R. S. L. & E. By his Nephew, R. E. SCORESBY JACKSON. London: Nelson and Sons. 1861.

Happily for this *Life of Fra Angelico*,\* there is not much chance in it for theologizing; else it would be as absurd a little book as was ever printed. It appears to give faithfully the sparse facts, which can be gathered here and there, about this holy artist-monk, and weaves in with the biography, or appends to it, notices and catalogues of his works, and of engravings from them, which cannot but be valuable for reference. It must be said, that, in point of style, the frequent quotations are so much better than the compiler's own writing, that one almost regrets the absence of quotation-marks throughout. It must, however, be said too, that the enthusiasm shown for the subject is not more surely merited and well applied, than it is obviously genuine, unaffected, and founded on knowledge and comprehension of the high and peculiar excellence of this most pious and blessed painter, both in his works and in his spirit and life. Saving the drawback incident to reading whatever has any tang of cloister-like squeamishness and over-scrupulosity or monkish intolerance about it, we have taken pleasure in this book, and been instructed by it. We commend it to those lovers of religious art who would find out, in brief and at once, all that is scattered through many books regarding the man who stands easily the chief in his peculiar line of development of that art, and among the first of all who have honored and ennobled it in their works.

## GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

AN uneducated colonist has furnished a well-written, circumstantial account of everything worth knowing about the "Britain of the South,"\* and though Mr. Hursthouse's "unvarnished tale" may prove no temptation to Americans, we doubt not he will attract hundreds of British emigrants to a country nearly as large as Great Britain, but almost unoccupied and unexplored,—a country favored with the finest climate, and adorned with the most exuberant vegetation. No other region promises so much on the score of health. Tried upon an English regiment of regular troops, it is found that sixty are annually threatened with consumption in New Zealand, twice that number in Malta, and one hundred and forty-eight in Canada or England; while the proportion of actual mortality is still more favorable to New Zealand, two and seven tenths making the annual average of deaths by consumption in an English regiment there, against six at Malta, six and seven tenths in Canada, and eight deaths during the same time among the same number of soldiers in England. And with regard to general mortality, the contrast between New Zealand and Malta is quite as remarkable.

The fine race of natives seem, however, to be dying out, are found to have small families, and to be remarkably unsuccessful in raising children, owing probably to the immoral habits of the women. These aborigines have been great favorites with the missionaries, because of

\* *The Life of Fra Angelico da Fiesole.* By the REV. T. GOODWIN. London: Rivingtons. 1861.

† *New Zealand.* By CHARLES HURSTHOUSE. Second Edition. London: Stanford. 1861.



their readiness to be converted, and their zeal for religious ordinances; but Mr. Hursthouse tells some damaging stories about the ferocity of these new converts, who think themselves better fighters than any foreigners, and have hardly forgotten their relish for human flesh.

By nature these two grand islands seem destined to be the stock-farm, granary, dairy, brewery, and orchard of the South Pacific; yet, deeply robed in perpetual green as they are, they possess very little of their own, not so much as a native rat or any indigenous mammalia, but offer abundant facilities for the growth of every vegetable or animal belonging to the temperate zone. With only eighty thousand settlers, the annual trade amounts already to fifteen millions of dollars. The principal export, wool, is found to double its amount every four years; Captain Cook's turnips and potatoes still flourish to do honor to his memory; and wild pigs, introduced by some benevolent voyager, serve as a substitute for all kinds of game. It is rather a striking thought, that of these great islands — possessing so many advantages, such freedom from drought and desert, from snakes and wolves, from pestilence and malaria — waiting till our time for the coming of man to tenant their vast solitudes with any higher life than that of the vegetable world. But so it is. "Fifty different species of columnar trees struggle through a wilderness of underwood to the height of two hundred feet," our author says, "having their leafy heads loaded with tufts of rusky parasites." Mines of coal have been found, almost without looking for them, and abundant traces of the most valuable minerals.

GEORGE TURNER, in his minute, unadorned, and seemingly truthful narrative of nearly twenty years' labor in the Samoan Islands,\* deserves to be honored as a Christian hero. Sent out by the London Missionary Society, immediately after the massacre of Rev. John Williams and James Harris at Eromanga, he commences his mission at the island of Tauna, is assailed by a large heathen party because the white men were reputed to bring disease, refuses to defend himself by fire-arms, or allow himself to be so defended, is delivered from impending death by the providential arrival of a merchant-vessel, and, nothing disheartened, takes a bishop-like charge of the twelve islands occupied by the English Society, until the necessity of superintending the printing of a Samoan Bible induces his temporary return to his native land. The result of the united effort thus far is, that, among the very islanders which murdered Captain Cook, — among universal cannibals, polygamists, idolaters of the lowest stamp, and perpetual fighters, — there are now twenty thousand professed Christians, more than six hundred church-members, and as many more candidates for admission. The missionary force is composed of the European missionaries, with three printing-presses, and two hundred and thirty-one native teachers.

The chief opposition to the Gospel seems to be revenge for the cruelties practised by the sandal-wood traders, who drag away the natives

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\* *Nineteen Years in Polynesia.* By REV. GEORGE TURNER. London: J. Snow. 1861.

into slavery, outrage their women, plunder their chiefs, destroy their plantations, and are nicknamed in the native dialect "sailing profligates." Mr. Turner gives accounts of recent outrages committed by these mercantile freebooters, which have been punished with remorseless severity by the heathen natives. Three hundred and twenty-two seamen have been put to death by the outraged islanders, and most of them eaten with general exultation. And yet, taking Mr. Turner's homely statements for the literal truth, no people on the face of the earth could be more easily Christianized, and so brought gradually within the circle of a mutually profitable commerce. Curious evidences are given of the early traditions of the Bible having been adopted by this simple race; and hundreds of illustrations of Hebrew customs are furnished by their present practices, some of which are really remarkable. Mr. Turner has appended a Meteorological Register for seven years at Samoa, and a Comparative View of the Polynesian Dialects, showing that one serious difficulty in bringing these natives over to a unity of faith will be the diversity of tongues. Still, the effort so energetically and courageously made seems to be rewarded with abundant fruit of the right kind.

HER Britannic Majesty's Consul, with his superior opportunities, has added little to our knowledge of "Great Japan,"\* besides a catalogue of plants by Sir Edward Hooker, and some experiences confirmatory of the better reports by such writers as Bishop Smith, whose "Ten Weeks" were noticed in our November number. His view of the armed aristocracy which really rules this ancient land is somewhat appalling, and rather hard to believe. These nobles number two hundred and sixty, some of them having an income of a million sterling; twenty dukes he computes could muster 150,000 warriors; twenty marquises, 100,000; one hundred earls, 250,000; one hundred and twenty barons, 120,000;—an immense army, far outnumbering the Emperor's;—they are, besides, the only landed proprietors, and the principal merchants, though disdaining that name. Instead of being hostile to foreign commerce as the Bishop asserts, the Consul, with his better means of knowing, concludes that the interests of these mighty princes are becoming so involved in the newly opened trade, that "all the wiles, menaces, and force of the Tycoon will be powerless to check the innate desire of every human being to accumulate wealth, and by wealth power and place." Still, Mr. Hodgson shows that the Japanese generally regret their concession of trade to the Americans in 1854, and that they have really gained nothing beyond some trifling presents; that they have bought a few bales of Manchester goods, a few toys, and some flannels; but that they have been wounded in their pride, their sensibility, their institutions, their habits, their hopes, and their desires. Only four months after the opening of their port to foreigners, a demand was forced upon the Japan treasury for *itzabous* in exchange for

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\* A Residence at Nagasaki and Hakodate in 1859-60. By C. PEMBERTON HODGSON. London: Bentley. 1861.

the monstrous sum of twelve hundred billions of dollars, — an amount which all the great capitals of Europe could not have supplied, — under fictitious names, which made the insult more galling.

The Consul, though delighted with the hospitality of the natives, was exceedingly annoyed by the ever-present spies. The servants furnished him by the Governor reported daily every incident in Mr. Hodgson's family ; how many cigars he smoked ; how often he coughed ; and what he paid for eggs ; besides levying black-mail on every vegetable he purchased.

The universal licentiousness, the established disregard of the marriage tie, and the general degradation of woman, present as dark a picture as can be imagined.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

ON the very eve of our January issue, the "Record of an Obscure Man," which we briefly noticed in it, was followed by the promised drama.\* The best exposition of its plan and aim is contained in that brief and touching introductory volume. The Tragedy itself, from the single reading we have given it, seems to us a very rich and noble contribution to our literature. The story is very simple ; and is unfolded, not by the development of any intricate plot, but by the natural enough sequence of events in a single plantation holiday ; and from scenes of calmest moral beauty, it culminates in the deepest passion and the purest moral heroism. A single element of mystery remains, which waits the promised Second Part for its solution. Except for this, the course of incident is natural and clear ; and what is painfulest in it is fairly matched in painfulness by a single incident (out of many such) that has just come to our own hearing as fact. Slavery hides many such a "tragedy of errors." The easy and simple form of this dramatic tale beguiles the author into rather a lingering and diffuse style of treatment. But, with very rare exceptions, the poetry reads admirably as poetry ; and the story gains in naturalness and ease what it loses in condensed vigor. The most hazardous point in such a representation — the negro character and dialect — is evaded by a frank and noble idealizing. There is nothing in the persons or situations — hardly anything in the style of thought exhibited — but what may be fairly enough justified. The slave-mother's lament, and the address and hymn in solemn remembrance of the dying master, are full of as touching and noble pathos as anything we know. That they are also exquisite poetry, after an English rather than an African type, is not a fault, but a quality of the drama. It is better to succeed so, than to fail in attempting the "Uncle Tom" style of portraiture. The author has preferred to present what is genuinely human and poetic in the subject of her tale, in the forms that appeal most simply and familiarly to us ; and what is lost in lifelikeness is more than made up in the profounder lessons of moral sympathy taught through so finely imaginative a medium.

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\* Tragedy of Errors. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.



THE brilliant pictures of "The English and India," the former work of M. de Valbezen, have a worthy afterpiece in the stories and sketches of the new yellow-covered volume which has lately appeared from the press of Michel Lévy. *La Malle de l'Inde*\* contains four tales, told in epistolary style, in letters from India to Paris, with four "crayon" sketches, of Damascus, Easter in Jerusalem, a Camp of the Anésis, and the Caravan of Mecca Pilgrims. Vividness of description, quaintness of expression, the liveliest humor, and the most amiable sarcasm are the characteristics of the whole volume, which whoso takes up will not leave until it is finished. To each of the stories there is a plot, but only plot enough to keep curiosity alive, not enough to divert attention from the views of scenery and of social life in India, to exhibit which is the purpose of the book. The scene of the first story is laid in the Himalayas, in the north of the Peninsula; the scene of the second, in the Neilgherries, in the south; the scene of the third, in the central region, at the outbreak of the massacre; and of the fourth, in the island of Java. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Italians, Greeks, Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, Malays, Chinese, Africans, are all introduced, and each wears the mark of his peculiar nationality. The crayon sketches are inimitable; and there are some features in the picture of the Mecca Caravan which we do not remember to have met in any previous description. M. de Valbezen is one of those accurate observers who lose sight of nothing, and one of those light-hearted optimists who take life easily, enjoy all its good things, and have their laugh on all occasions. It may perhaps occur to a reader, that the style of the letters which tell the sad "episode of a pleasure journey" is too playful for such tragic narrative; but even here it is evident that the writer has tried his best to be serious, and to announce pillage and massacre with suitable gravity. In one point he is wholly sceptical, the worth of conversions from the religion of Buddha to the religion of Christ. He pronounces the Christian Hindoos to be worse than the Pagan, retaining all their old vices, while they lose their former virtues. The scoundrel and hypocrite of the book is "Ezekiel; age unknown,—a Christianized Hindoo,—cultivates with the greatest success, under pretext of baptism, the seven capital sins, drunkenness included."

THE readers of "Cecil Dreeme" may have been prepared for the vigor and power shown in its successor;† but they must, we think, have felt fresh delight and surprise at the stirring out-door life, the swift, clear epical movement, the magnificent range of scenery, the eye as quick and keen to see external facts as moral traits, so characteristic of "John Brent." The book needs no criticism, and no recommendation of ours; only the recognition which is due to the genius of its greatly lamented author, and the record of its appearing in the literary calendar of the new year.

\* *La Malle de l'Inde*. Nouvelles, par E. DE VALBEZEN. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1861. 18mo jesus. pp. 333.

† John Brent. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THE very best manual of public speaking which we have seen — whether we consider the sagacity of thought, the point of the style, the moral sincerity and candor, or the brevity and directness of the counsel, — is Mr. Holyoake's little volume, whose title we give below.\* Popular debate is a very earnest and a very formidable business among the humbler classes of intelligent Englishmen, for whom he especially writes. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*; and in seeking to give to preachers and teachers of the Divine Word the benefit of such skill as their antagonists have developed, the American editor has done well to adopt this manual. The notes, and the Essay on the British Pulpit, add little to its value.

WE have received a thin, handsome volume, on the great old problem, to reconcile Science and Faith.† The author, who writes with considerable ability, and strong conviction, attempts no new metaphysical solution. His argument is, that the two should respect each the other's boundaries; and that a practical solution is found in so adjusting the course of college instruction as to do full justice to both, — the results of induction being our authority for the one, and the truths of revelation for the other. The formula is not precisely novel, but it is put with earnestness, and with the strong belief that America is the true field for reconciling the old-world controversies. The best part of the book is the clear and excellent analysis of the tendencies, or parties, that make the existing discords of human belief. The sketch of a proposed course of instruction for the young depends for its realizing, of course, on the degree to which the instructors are already imbued with the method. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* As a book of hints and suggestions, both teachers and thinkers will find it of service. To them we cordially commend it.

WHEN one hears the trash that is sung in our country churches now-a-days, it is hard to feel grateful to the pioneers who gave so great an impulse to church music twenty years ago. They brought many really good tunes into use, and some good ones have become familiar since; but there was better psalmody on the whole when honest old "Handel and Haydn" held sway, than now. And the degeneracy in the music has spoiled our choirs. Time was when every country town had its choir, which enjoyed the solid anthems of the Academy, and the rich, sweet music of the Ancient Lyre, and which was not even staggered by a chorus from the Messiah or the Creation. Now, nothing but what is easy and sentimentally pretty will suit. Voices are not trained to the higher notes, ears are not trained to grand chords, and at a change of key, or an unusual interval of notes, the singers are bewildered and discouraged. And there are plenty of so-called musicians to pander to this feebleness, and year after year the market is flooded

\* Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate; or, Hints on the Application of Logic. By G. J. HOLYOAKE. New York: Carlton and Porter.

† *Philosophia Ultima*. CHARLES WOODRUFF SHIELDS. Philadelphia: Lipincott.

with strange names of books, and stranger names of tunes, until it would seem that ingenuity in nomenclature must be exhausted, and the washy stream stop flowing from its own weakness. One would really despair, were it not for a comforting fact now and then;—as, for instance, that it has been thought worth while lately to republish so rich a treasure-house of music as Zeuner's *American Harp*; that the *Ancient Lyre*, the best single collection within our knowledge, has a steady and constantly increasing sale; and that, occasionally, a new book is published, as excellent as that which the accomplished Treasurer of the Commonwealth has devoted his leisure hours to preparing.\* It is largely made up of new music, and much of the old that is inserted has been forgotten in our generation. Among the old tunes are General Oliver's own productions, some of the best of Zeuner's, and a fine selection of those grand English tunes which ought to form a large part of the repertory of every choir. We should add also the German and English anthems, which may be old, but which are new to us. Arrangements from the great masters we are glad to see comparatively few of. We have no fancy for "Batti, batti," under the name of *Smyrna*, the *Austrian National Hymn* under that of *Westborough*, or the *Prayer in Der Freyschütz* under that of *Betah*. Of the new tunes there are many excellent ones by the compiler himself, e. g. *Melrose* and *Algernon*. Some, however, seem rather labored and artificial, and none are to our thinking so good as the old favorites, *Federal Street* and *Walnut Grove*. Perhaps the best things in the book are tunes by some of our well-known musicians, of which we would especially mention *Faith and Aspiration*, by S. P. Tuckerman, *Newstead and Chelsea*, by J. F. Tuckerman, and *Gloucester*, by Edward Hodges,—admirable specimens of very different styles. We are glad to observe that the stanzas of hymns given here are free from dogmatic and sectarian phrases,—which in some collections have been unpleasantly prominent. The book, by the way, is all music, with no "Accidence" or "Elements" for vocal drill.

THE plan of an annual survey, which should arrange, digest, and fuse into a symmetric form the best literary productions of the year, giving the substance of theology, philosophy, history, and literature, as they have been brought out in the year's publications, commends itself to the reason of all thinking men. The difficulty is only in its impartial and judicious execution. In so large a survey, much must be omitted. What shall be the standard of insertion or omission? If dogmatic prejudice rules, the most valuable works may be excluded. If literary friendships are allowed to have influence, works may be admitted which severe justice would reject. Clearly, no single editor is competent to the task: and in the number of editors which so various a task would seem to require, there is great risk of inequality in the parts, and of

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\* Oliver's *Collection of Hymn and Psalm Tunes, Sentences, Anthems, and Chants*; a *National Lyre*, for Use in the Church, Family, or Singing-School. By H. K. OLIVER. Boston: Oliver Ditson and Company. pp. 320.



want of harmony. If all the editors are of the same school, the work will be one-sided and not trustworthy. If they are of different schools, it is likely to be vague, weak, and hesitating in its criticism, bearing throughout the tone of caution and compromise. It would seem almost impossible to make such an annual "Tableau" a frank, full, and impartial condensation of all the new and permanently valuable thought of the year.

We cannot say that the company of Catholic priests and professors who have aided the Dr. Duilhé de Saint Projet in describing and reviewing the literary and theological productions of the year 1860,\* have succeeded in giving a complete, an impartial, or a satisfactory survey. We could not expect this, where the design is so avowedly to criticise everything from the Romanist stand-point, and to point out its relation to Catholic doctrine and to Catholic ideas. These gentlemen not only confess their dogmatic purpose, but they defend it and they rejoice in it. The main object of their joint labor is to refute heresy and to oppose dangerous error. They write as watchmen of the faith, whose duty it is to give the alarm and to show the danger. Their selection of books to be noticed is made wholly with a view to exalt that which is Catholic, and to degrade that which has any other interest. Although less than half the volume is appropriated specially to "Theology," the whole volume is sacred to Catholic orthodoxy, which rules the notice of science, of history, of novels, of journalism, and of the fine arts, as much as of religious criticism and controversy. No one of the painters in this large "Tableau" forgets that he is a pledged servant of the Holy Mother Church.

Allowance made for this open and dominant dogmatic prejudice, the plan which these priests propose is well carried out. They have given us an interesting book, always good and clear, and often eloquent, in style, ingenious in reasoning, well proportioned in its parts, and just in many of its criticisms. After an Introduction of fourteen pages, in which the design and plan of the work are explained, it proceeds to treat in order, under the head of "Religion," — 1. The *Catholic Movements of 1860*, principally those which relate to the Papal sovereignty, noticing here all the most important books and pamphlets, and the great Cyclopædia of Catholic Theology, translated by Goschler from the German of Drs. Wetzer and Welte; 2. *Apologetic* labors, with notice of the works of Deschamps and Freppel; 3. *Polemics*, with notice of the works of the Prince Albert de Broglie, of the various answers to M. Renan, and of the famous "Conferences de Notre Dame"; 4. *The Worship of Mary*, with especial praise of the work, "The Virgin Mary alive in the Church," by Auguste Nicolas (a very different writer from Michel Nicolas, who is to these Catholics only a blasphemer); 5. "*Piety*," or Practical Religion, with obituary notices of eminent deceased preachers, and of recent ascetic works; 6. The *Græco-Russian* theology, as interpreted by Gagarin and Galitzin, with the hope con-

\* Revue de l'Année Religieuse, Philosophique et Littéraire, Tableau Annuel des principales Productions de la Théologie, de la Philosophie, de l'Histoire et de la Littérature. Paris: Jacques Lecoffre et Cie. 1861. 12mo. pp. 520.

fidently expressed that Russia is about to become Catholic; 7. *Protestantism*, in which the present destructive tendencies of that schism are pointed out, and the evangelical and rationalistic parties are made to share equally the disgrace of their position, M. de Pressensé faring no better than Scherer and Réville. This survey covers 190 pages, and our statement of it will give an idea of the method pursued throughout.

After this are treated in order Philosophy, traditionalist, rationalist, theist, idealist, materialist, and mystico-sceptical; History, of the Monks, of Mary Magdalen, of France, of Joan of Arc, of the Consulate and Empire and the Restoration, and the "Archæology" of the year; "Literature" and the Drama, with notices of eight schools of "romance"; "Law," in its various departments; "Science," especially medical and chemical science; the Fine Arts; and finally the "Periodicals," Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, secular and religious, general and special.

If the Liberal thinkers of France, from their stand-point, would give us an annual volume of this kind, it would be exceedingly valuable. It would be, on a larger scale, what the quarterly summaries of the Westminster Review are in England.

IN a time of revolution, events so fast outrun men's criticism on them, that this comes more for curiosity than guidance. At this moment, our government seems to have triumphantly proved its *thesis*, that secession was the work of a faction, and that the majority in the seceding States have remained loyal to the old federation. But what one month proved, the previous ten had steadily belied. And it is no wonder that the social revolution, the open war on slavery, which the more conservative reserved for the last military emergency, should have seemed to the more zealous the necessary and only policy to inaugurate the campaign. We have before called attention to the singular eloquence and force with which this is urged by the author of "The Rejected Stone." It is presented again, with power far inferior, yet carefully and earnestly, in another little volume issued by the same publishers.\* The argument is already a little distanced by the triumphant march of events. Yet it is an argument that will keep, and may have its future uses. At any rate, the retrospect is always valuable. It is put clearly and strongly by this new writer. "Barons of the South" is the felicitous phrase in which John Adams, nearly eighty years ago, indicated the hostility his keen sense discerned between the governing class at the South and the sincere republicanism of the North. As Thierry throws a glare of light on the early history of England by teaching us to look at the Norman conquerors as an encamped army, with its general for king, and its officers for lords, — for centuries hostile and strangers in a land not theirs, — so we see our political history shown dramatically as the working out of a plot against lib-

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\* The True Story of the Barons of the South; or, The Rationale of the American Conflict. By REV. E. W. REYNOLDS. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

erty, followed from the beginning by these new "Barons" on democratic soil; and there is about as much truth in one view as in the other. The story is very instructive; and the frequent telling of it will save us, we trust, from any repetition of the great calamity and dishonor that had all but issued in the overthrow of the Republic.

The later steps of this conspiracy we have seen nowhere so well and clearly traced as in the Address of Mr. Channing,\* delivered and published in England, and for sale by the same publishers. A timely and patriotic service when first rendered, it remains of permanent value as a brief, eloquent, and sufficient summary of the facts which justify our nation in accepting the terrible arbitrament of war, — war, let us hope, now advancing rapidly toward its victorious close.

A new edition of "The Uprising of a Great People" includes the seasonable and friendly discussion of that point of controversy with England two months ago so threatening, but so happily settled since on a basis that seems to promise a better understanding of the rights of neutrals, and new guaranties of peace.

It gives us pleasure to mention, in this connection, the recent Election Sermon of Mr. Alger, careful in thought, vigorous in statement, and elevated in tone, — an excellent exposition of the order of religious thought suited to the time, and the more meritorious as it avoids the temptation of entering into the details of those questions of public policy which just now may well perplex our wisest men.

It is a little trying at this day to find an old accusation of bad faith against our government brought up afresh, and that not only in such prints as Blackwood and the London Times, but in a paper which looks strangely out of place in our liberal contemporary, the Westminster Review. The charge is, that, in the settlement of the north-eastern boundary, in 1842, Mr. Webster suppressed a map assumed to be that on which Franklin had traced the treaty boundary, and so deceived Lord Ashburton into assenting to unjust terms. We had supposed the controversy was long ago laid to rest by the following facts, which it seems require re-statement now: — 1. That the commissioners had previously agreed to waive all discussion of the terms of the old treaty, and to decide on a new line, and therefore, even supposing the map genuine, Mr. Webster was noway bound to bring it forward; 2. That there is no proof that the map in question was Franklin's, and in fact the line on it is too rudely traced, and on too small a scale, to be of any service as authority; 3. That a map on a much larger scale, of more recent date, and of far higher claims to authenticity, having the boundary laid down according to the American claim, and certified (apparently) in the handwriting of George III. himself, lay, in fact, at that time, in the British archives, and was suppressed, by some person in the interest of the British government, until the settlement of 1842 had been agreed to. Curiously enough, the two maps were used after-

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\* The Civil War in America; or, the Slaveholders' Conspiracy. An Address by the REV. WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING. Liverpool: W. Vaughan.



ward, each by the party whose own claims it told against, to induce consent to the treaty. On the whole, the charge of bad faith had better be abandoned, — certainly, by our kind cousins across the water.

IN answer to a letter of inquiry, Dr. S. G. Howe has written a pamphlet of great interest, touching the work of the Sanitary Commission. He takes occasion to present the statistics of disease and death in our armies, in a very striking light; he insists on the harm of sending extra supplies of any sort to the soldiers in the field; he urges that even for military hospitals charitable gifts are no longer needed, and had better be discontinued, while money is required for the operations of the Commission; and he argues, with great warmth and force, that the watchword of Emancipation is needed, both to make the war a short one, and to animate it with a noble and inspiring motive. The writer's character and position will secure a wide hearing to his words.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGY.

Tracts for Priests and People. By various Writers. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 372. (To be reviewed.)

A Commentary on Ecclesiastes. By Moses Stuart. Edited and Revised by R. D. C. Robbins. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 12mo. pp. 346.

A Commentary, Critical and Grammatical, on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians; with a Revised Translation. By Charles J. Ellicott. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 8vo. pp. 190.

A Text-Book of the History of Doctrines. By Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. The Edinburgh Translation, revised, with Additions, by Henry B. Smith. Vol. II. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo. pp. 558.

Christian Worship. Services for the Church; with Order of Vespers, and Hymns. New York: James Miller. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 260, 108. (See p. 296.)

Teach us to Pray; being Experimental, Doctrinal, and Practical Observations on the Lord's Prayer. By Rev. John Cumming. New York: Carleton. 12mo. pp. 303.

The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry. By Isaac Taylor. With a Biographical Introduction, by W. Adams. New York: Rudd and Carlton. 8vo. pp. 386.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of the Town of Marlborough, with a brief Sketch of the Town of Northborough. By Charles Hudson. Boston: T. R. Marvin and Son. 8vo. pp. 544.

Memoir of the Duchess of Orleans. By the Marquess de H——. Together with Biographical Souvenirs and Original Letters, collected by Prof. G. H. de Schubert. Translated from the French. Second Edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 391.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism. By Abel Stevens. Vol. III. New York: Carlton and Porter. 8vo. pp. 524. (See p. 285.)

The Missionary in Many Lands: a Series of interesting Sketches of Missionary Life. By Erwin House. New York: Carlton and Porter. 18mo. pp. 393.

Memorials of Eliza Hessel. By Joshua Priestley. New York: Carlton and Porter. 16mo. pp. 367.

## GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Life among the Chinese; with Characteristic Sketches and Incidents of Missionary Operations and Prospects in China. By Rev. R. S. Maclay. New York: Carlton and Porter. 12mo. pp. 400.

## CLASSICS AND EDUCATION.

The Elements of Logic, adapted to the Capacity of Young Students. By Charles K. True. New York: Carlton and Porter. 18mo. pp. 176.

Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate; or Hints on the Application of Logic. By G. J. Holyoake. Revised by Rev. L. D. Barrows. New York: Carlton and Porter. 12mo. pp. 230. (See p. 306.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Works of Francis Bacon. Vol. III. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 12mo. pp. 502. (Reviewed p. 157.)

Ethical and Physiological Inquiries, chiefly relative to Subjects of Popular Interest. By A. H. Dana. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 308 (To be noticed.)

Lessons in Life; a Series of Familiar Essays. By Timothy Titcomb. Tenth Edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 344.

The Uprising of a Great People. To which is added a Word of Peace on the Difference between England and the United States. From the French of Count Agenor de Gasparin. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 298.

Moral and Religious Quotations from the Poets, topically arranged. Compiled by Rev. William Rice. New York: Carlton and Porter. 8vo. pp. 338.

A Commonplace Book, designed to assist Students, Professional Men, and General Readers, in treasuring up Knowledge for future Use. Arranged by Rev. James Porter. New York: Carlton and Porter. 4to. MS. pp. 400.

The Soldier's Manual of Devotion. Prepared by J. G. Forman. Alton. 32mo. pp. 182.

## NOVELS AND TALES.

The Young Step-Mother; or, A Chronicle of Mistakes. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. 2 vols.

Margaret Howth. A Story of To-Day. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 266.

## PAMPHLETS.

Addresses of the Inauguration of the Professors in the Theological Department of Yale College. New Haven: E. Hayes. pp. 29.

A Letter to Mrs. —, and other Loyal Women, touching the Matter of Contributions for the Army, and other Matters connected with the War. By S. G. Howe. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. pp. 28.

## ERRATA.

### ART. I.

|      |      |      |     |     |          |      |           |
|------|------|------|-----|-----|----------|------|-----------|
| Page | 329, | line | 27, | for | "which"  | read | "what."   |
| "    | 333, | "    | 13, | "   | "rules"  | "    | "rule."   |
| "    | "    | "    | 17, | "   | "defect" | "    | "defeat." |
| "    | 336, | "    | 11, | "   | "state"  | "    | "stage."  |